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NATIONAL SONG.

(A FOURTH OF JULY OFFERING.)

Air—Yankee Doodle.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O! let us fling our banners out,
With Stars and Eagles glowing
Above the vale and mountain's top,
And Ocean far or flowing.

We know by whom they first were flung
Like thunder-storms darker!
And still we see them flashing first,
On Freedom's vast ardent.

The country's blood is on their folds,
The air we breathe surrounding;
And on each crystal sparkling dill
Our Washington's eyes beaming.

They dashed for Liberty and Right
At Tyrants, Heaven, Very,
Till shouting Yorktown gave to him
The Triumph's crowning glory.

And now while on our peaceful way,
Plain, earnest and wood enlisting,
Like God's own stars they smile o'er us—
The good of man pursuing:

Yet if again the tyrant-curse,
He'll see us fuller burning,
The starry emblems as of yore
To thunder tempests turning:

Then shout for mothers, fathers, wives,
For brothers, sons and daughters,
Who on the hills in freedom walk,
And by the shadows waters:

For Heaven is very love and hope,
With Stars and Eagles glowing
Above the Continent, and Sea,
Around the wide world flowing.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY [illegible]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FOREST BLOCKHOUSE.

For something like an hour the scouts worked vigorously at the outer defences of their present place of refuge, by which time the gate had been made secure; and the different posts of the palisades tightened as to be in a pretty good condition for receiving an assault. But the blockhouse, after all, was their main dependence; and a careful examination of this convinced them that it could be held for some considerable time against any force which could be brought against it—unless, indeed, it should be assailed by fire—concerning which they felt no present anxiety, because of all the materials of which it was constructed being well water-soaked by the late rain.

The structure in question was built in the regular blockhouse style, two stories in height, the upper one projecting some two or three feet over the lower one, with openings for firing down, so that a small force stationed within could even prevent a large party from making a lodgment under the walls. The rear side was, as we have stated, protected by a steep bank—a rocky bluff, in fact—some twenty feet above the river; and the building had been erected upon the very edge of this bank, with the upper story projecting over it, so that a basket could readily be lowered to the water—a precaution which the builders had taken to protect themselves against the want of that element during a long siege, either for domestic use or in case of an attempt being made to burn them out. Besides several loop-holes, cut through the four walls of the upper story, there was a sort of trap door in the roof, by means of which a lookout could command a view of the whole scene for a considerable distance around. An examination of the interior also discovered several important articles, which tended to put our friends in rather good spirits, and seemed to prove that the party leaving had either done so in haste, or meditated a return, or perhaps both; and no other inspection had ever been made of the building by the savages. Besides a quantity of dried game and rashers, a slab table, a few rude benches, and an old iron kettle, which were found in the lower story, the upper one, to which access was had by a ladder, contained a sort of rude bunk, a bucket with a long rope attached, and an iron swivel, somewhat the worse for rust.

"We've got the tools here for a good siege, all begot the fodder," said Keaton, with an air of satisfaction, as he concluded his inspection of the whole building; "and the only things as I see to trouble us much, is the want of provisions and the loss of our horses; and I wouldn't like to lose them, arter all the trouble we've tuk to git 'em away—for of my mar on the border let got a loaning for loss than that, that man's me."

"Specially fajus hoss!" put in Wetzel.

"Jest so, Lew—just so; haw why—there's citizens as don't hesitate to say all we git o' them is o'ar gain."

"But why do you fear the loss of our horses?" inquired Eugene. "They are within the inclosure, and the palisades are now in good condition."

"But they won't keep out a big party of the devils arter night!"

"Then you think it certain that we shall be here to-night?"

"That's purty sartin, young man, unless we gose our hart journey; for we can't git away the way things is; and the Injuns when they come up, won't let us off without a long fight, if they do all sh!"

"Well, we should not borrow trouble!" observed Blanche, who stood listening to the conversation, with a countenance expressive of considerable anxiety. "Providence may give us another unexpected deliverance!"

"That's true as preaching, Miss, and I like your spirit!" replied the hunter, nodding; "and we ain't them kind as is a-going to gin in easy, nohow! That's right of us yit—leaving out you and some'at in the nigger—or I s'pect we'd better count you in and leave him out! leastways, either or nyther way, she's sworn o' us as knows how to handle our arms, and can back down; and even marksmen in here can purty much damage a hostile inimy outside. Ah!" he added, with a sigh that found a ready response in the hearts of all who heard him; "I wish we only had the Colter two por fellers with us, who're under'd and gone long afore this!"

For a few moments there was a deep silence, and then Blanche said:

"Four fellows, indeed! and their fate might have been ours, and may be yet—though a better fate, as I look upon it, than being taken prisoners—for if death has ended their struggles, they have been saved from painful tortures!"

"They war true boys, and it's hard to lose 'em!" said Keaton, with considerable feeling; "but then it's a matter as we must allow expect to see 'bout in this here barbarous region; and that's no knowing whose turn'll come next. It's like 'It may to ourn afore many days!'"

"God forbid!" ejaculated Blanche. And then immediately added, in a more cheerful tone: "But perhaps the fellows will yet await us here, after all; for I have been more of the time on the lookout, and have not seen a solitary one since we entered here; even those we saw at first appear to have withdrawn, and probably were as much surprised as ourselves!"

"If they don't attack us, so much the better for them; but never you believe they won't, Miss Bertrand! Them as we seed may live yet off, or they may not; and they may know nothing about the party we've left behind like, of they lay low, we'll come out agin; but the Utahns is only rayther of an on-sartain race; and as soon as they disbelver that mistake, they'll be flocking about here, like hunnacks over a dead hoss!"

"Is it not a little strange," said Eugene, "that the party we supposed would come and relieve us, have not yet made their appearance?"

"They may hev tuk the wrong scent, too, and got puzzled by coming up with Colter's party; they'll be here soon enough, never you fear!"

"Heaven defend us!" said Blanche, rather gloomily. "It is terrible to think that, wherever we succeed in making our escape, and everything appears to go safely at first, something should always immediately occur to bring us into peril! To think that we are now within a few hours' ride of safety, with horses in our possession, and not an enemy in sight, and yet cannot escape!"

"God works for the best, Eugene!" said Blanche, solemnly; "and considering the difficulties, toils and dangers which, by an almost natural course, have surrounded us, we should not, even under a complaint, be grateful to the Supreme Being that it is no worse!"

"And I am grateful, Miss Blanche!" returned Eugene; "God knows my heart swells with gratitude to know that you are here, even here, where there is a hope, if no other hope, that your relief may pass to a better world, ere your mortal body again fall into the hands of the terrible beings from whom you have been rescued!—but still I cannot help but murmur, sore hungry, were I to know you in a position of real, rather than comparative, safety!"

"Always thinking of me!" rejoined Blanche, in a low, sweet tone, which reached only the ear of the one for whom it was intended: "Always thinking of me, Eugene, rather than yourself!"

"Because we always think most of what we love best!" was the reply, which was in a low, solemn tone of voice.

The words seemed to have passed the lips of Eugene as it were involuntarily; the acknowledgment of his passion, which they contained, he had not previously considered; he had spoken from his heart, without knowing to what his heart had given utterance; and it was not till looking steadily at Blanche, he perceived her features flush deeply, that he recalled a remembrance of what he had said; and then, in an instant, the truth flashed back upon him, and he became so painfully confused and embarrassed as not to be able to utter a single word of the apology he attempted.

At this moment, greatly to the relief of Eugene, if not of Blanche, Nick Wadham, who was on the lookout from the platform in front of the roof of the block-house, arrested the attention of all, by the exclamation:

"They come; I do believe!"

"What! what?" called out two or three voices simultaneously.

"Of four in the rear, at good distance back in the woods, right over our trail!"

All flew to the different loop-holes which commanded a view in that direction; and though all did not perceive the enemy at once, they had not long to wait, on the latter, emerging some twenty or thirty mounted warriors, were distinctly seen advancing at a fast gallop.

"That's no time to waste," said Keaton, hurriedly; "for there's several things to be done afore they come up! Quick, boys! two of you haul up the ladder, and the other take, as we used to be bothered that way arter we begin the fight—for fight I 'spose that's bet to be—and the rest of us will stand off and pick our pickets, and load 'em up now, and hev 'em in good order, so that every shot will tell!"

"If the horses could be brought into the lower chamber," suggested Eugene, "I think we might preserve them as long as we do ourselves."

"That's not a bad idea, nyther!" rejoined the hunter; "and we'll see what it's best to do; there's enough, we'll do it."

A few minutes of active excitement followed. The door was found large enough, and the horses were soon placed in greater security by Keaton and Duke, while the others drew up what water was needed, and discharged and re-loaded all their fire-arms. Meantime the Indians, hearing the firing, rode forward into a line, and halted at the distance of some two hundred yards, presenting quite a military appearance. They were evidently not a little surprised at hearing the discharges of the guns, and not as yet exactly certain whether they were armed or no; for they were pausing one to another.

"They are the relation of others when Keaton returned from below, and declared that now, "since all things was safe, he thought he would have a look for to seeing the devils try to take them, and so git a chance to pepper a few."

"They can't possibly know what's inside o' us," he continued, as he surveyed them through one of the loop-holes; "and if we can only make that fust swivel do its duty, without blowing our own heads inside, we'll git 'em on the run, and they've had sence last night. Let's try it, boys, anyhow!"

The swivel was accordingly quickly overhauled, the main portion of the rust removed, and a moderate charge of powder put into it, together with quite a handful of rifle balls. It was then mounted upon the sub-table, which was brought up from below for the purpose, and aimed through one of the loop-holes, directly at the savages, who had by this time drawn themselves close together, in a circular body, as if holding a consultation. Next a train was laid; which fired, after striking a light, proceeded to fire—making haste, the moment it was done, to draw himself, with the others, flat upon the floor, at the farther part of the room, to escape the dangers of an explosion. But no explosion followed, save a slight one, as the powder in the pan flashed off.

Whether the Indians were in any manner injured by the contrivance, was not so certain; but on springing to the loop-holes, our friends had the satisfaction of seeing them swiftly scattering in different directions; and they believed if none were struck, they had at least heard some of the balls whistling in too close a proximity to feel entirely safe where they were.

"Good for old swivel!" cried Keaton, with a laugh; "she's sure on 'em, she is; and what she's said now, she's ready to say agin, whensoever the ugly brutes takes a notion to come up high enough to ax her a question!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PARLEY.

From the sudden scattering and disappearance of the savages, several minutes hours passed away, during which nothing more was seen or heard of them; and Eugene and Blanche, less experienced in fashion were than the others, were beginning to indulge the hope, in spite of the opinion of the scouts to the contrary, that though some good fortune they might not be again molested; when suddenly Blanche, who was standing near one of the loop-holes, conversing with Eugene, grasped the arm of her companion somewhat nervously, and exclaimed:

"Look yonder, Eugene! look yonder! I do believe that is our mutual foe, Ralph Hawley!"

"Yes, that is the villain beyond a doubt!" returned Eugene, looking through the aperture, and perceiving the object of his dislike standing just in the edge of the wood before them. "There I see! he is holding up something white on the end of a stick, which he doubtless intends for a flag of truce! He evidently desires to communicate with us!"

"Well, just wait a bit!" observed Seth, who had made the discovery of the person of the renegade at the same time as Blanche, and now spoke pretty to himself and partly in reply to Eugene: "just wait a bit—by jow—hey-jerk!—and don't do nothing to deter the brute!—in a good long range, but I 'spect I can do it!" and with the words he slowly and deliberately raised his rifle and began to take aim.

"Hold, Seth! hold! do not fire!" cried Eugene, springing forward and placing his hand upon the barrel of the piece.

"Not so?" joined in Blanche: "if it is his intention to engage in peaceful, let us hear what he has to say!"

"Why, I don't hear a pack of confounded lies, Miss Blanche!" growled Seth; "for that cussed varmint there's no more to be said a p'int-blank fact, of he'd try to eternity. And as for you, Captain Fairfax," continued Seth, mounting his rifle, and speaking somewhat pettishly, "you're often a stepping atween me and that deed; and though I respect you amazing, I'm a little afeard you don't do it once too many!"

"I have interfered once two or three times, it is true," replied Eugene; "but only because you were acting without the proper authority to exercise your purpose."

"Then I'm not wrong time to kill that bloody scoundrel!" muttered Seth, turning away with a dissatisfied air.

None of the others seemed to feel inclined to molest the renegade, at least before hearing what he had to advance; but he evidently did not know this, and appeared afraid to venture near before getting permission from the parties within. For at least a minute he stood within fair view, waving to and fro his rudely-constructed flag of peace; when Keaton, quitting one of peace, called out, in a loud, gruff voice:

"Come on, you——fool, if you've got anything decent to say, and not stand thar all day like a grinning baboon. Come on, and don't be skeered!—we'll all hear you afore we hurt you!"

Hawley made no reply to this, but immediately advanced, with an air of boldness, he within pistol-shot of the palisades, where a conversation between him and the scouts could be easily maintained. Then drawing himself up, with what he intended should be an air of dignity, he said:

"I s'pose I can count on you to respect this flag of truce, till we finish our say and I have time to go back and report?"

"Go ahead!" said Keaton; "if we war agwine to hurt you, you'd a been a dead critter afore this!"

"Too mought take my life wher I ar', that's-ar-tin," returned Ralph; "but that'll be no awful reckoning to come under it, with them as would revenge me!"

"Well, just stop your blathering, and go ahead!" cried Seth, indignantly. "Say what you've got to say, and travel for there's at least a pound of lead in here that's itching most powerful to git into your carcass!"

"Just cool foremost then," said Hawley, "just allow me to say that we know—us and the Injuns—that you've got more'n how many you count."

"Which as' cussity sinn," rejoined Keaton; "were fighting men, is lady, and a black nigger—which I just tell you, for fear you've made a mistake and think that's more of 'em."

"And what do you s'pose your seven fighting men can do again a hundred Injuns?"

"Lick 'em!" said Keaton.

"Eat 'em all up!" put in Wetzel.

"Swallow 'em hull, stone and all!" yelled Seth. And these installating rejoinders were followed by a general laugh of derision.

"I reckon I'm mistaken in my opinion o' you!" said Ralph.

"Reckon you is, boss!" replied Keaton.

"Yes," pursued Hawley, "I thought, afore I come up, that it was just as like as not that some of you fellers here were sick, and not be a-able to fight."

"If we war crazy lads, we'd just been you in to Jine!" laughed Keaton. "But fur afeard, we you've got any more to say! and of not, travel back to your nigger friends, and tell 'em, of they want to know what we've made on, to come up here and see, and not stand off like little devils at fust!"

"What I've got to say an' just this here!" resumed the renegade, without appearing to heed the taunts of the woodsman. "We've a hundred strong at this minute, and can double or treble our numbers if they're wanted; and besides, we've completely surrounded you, so that you've not the least chance for you to escape, either by land or water; and we've all sworn, on the Great Spirit, that you shan't escape, not a single one of you, unless you comply with our terms!"

"Well, out with 'em, and we'll just hear what you want us to do—for you're in such a pretty-looking old cuss, that it's fun for us to hear you talk!"

"Now I tell you what, Keaton," said Hawley, "I want to make it clar to you, that this isn't not the least chance for you to get away!"

"Don't shove that in, Lew!" said Wetzel to his own surprise, or you wouldn't try to prove it!" rejoined Keaton.

"Fust and foremost," continued Hawley, "I've told you that we've a hundred strong—and we can call up five hundred if they're wanted—that you're completely surrounded; and now I'll tell you what we're agwine to do if you don't comply with our terms. If we'd make a determined assault upon this place, that's not to say that we'd not lose in his head, but what would know that we could carry it by storm in a single hour—with no more or other: but just to put the thing stronger, 'spose I allow that we could carry it by force of arms; then all we has to do is' just to keep it surrounded till we starve you out! D'ye understand that, Keaton?"

"Go ahead!" said Keaton; "for we're looking to know what cussed bad proposition you've got to make, afore we make up our minds to it!"

"Just this here!" answered the white envoy of the renegade, with a little more of pettishness again stirred of you, and don't want to hurt you; but you know if they're wanted we can get 'em—you that belongs to us as prisoners, and two that we've already got in hand; and if you'll give up, we'll pledge ourselves to go away peaceable, and let you go your own way, whensoever and wherever you like—but not to go with your friends, to take you, cyther alive or dead! and then as we've got the upper hand, to put through the best way as we know how!"

"Now, Captain Bertrand," said Keaton, "just you do the rest of the talking—for it's like it concerns you particular—and wholesomer you answer to say, we'll stand to."

"I should not like to say anything which would imperil your lives to save mine!" returned Blanche.

"Good gre-a-mighty!" chimed in Seth; "I just hope, Miss Blanche, you don't mean for to insult us by saying we'd down't you venture upon circumstances! Would we do sich a mean thing, Snowball?"

"Nobber, while dar's any life in us, dat's a'ar sure, Mars Seth!" replied Duke, with a very keen look.

"That feller out thar is only lying, anyhow!" said Keaton, "and he only wants to git you into his hands again, and git you safe, and then he'd pitch into us more savage nor ever; so of you don't want to go, just tell him so, and talk him big, and don't be afeard of joking us into troubles—for the thing that we or you can say will make matters any cuss."

"Got forbid that I should ever fall into his hands again!" returned Blanche; "and I have already firmly resolved, if I have to choose between that and death, it shall be the latter."

Saying this, she turned to one of the loop-holes,

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and addressed the renegade in a clear and distinct tone.

"I suppose, Ralph Hawley," she said, "I am one of his persons you speak of?"

"Yes," he replied, "and the most valuable one," he added.

"I am aware of my value," returned Blanche, "and think it much too great to be put at your disposal! Considering that I am such a prize, I must confess I am somewhat astonished that you should have permitted such a long-distance romance, and such a heavy robbery, even after I warned you against it!"

Hawley swore three or four wicked oaths in quick succession, and declared, "I had had her back again, he'd guard her closer than ever!"

"Thank you!" responded Blanche; "but having my freedom now, I think I prefer to retain it."

"Well, you won't—I pledge you my honor to that!" said Ralph; "you'd rather be tak ngin, dead or alive! and so, you must dance by me before, and that I'll do my best through life to make myself agreeable and pleasant to you!"

"And that would be the worst kind of torture to me!" said Blanche; "and would leave the difference in favor of the dead!" and she bent her head and lingering of the two. On the whole, sir, I am inclined to think you are quite a very foolish man to come here and make such a proposition to! and as the sooner you retire, the more grateful you will consider me that your natural senses are returning! The little band with confidence, and there our stalwart leader was to overthrow so disastrously, are now here with me, (all more less at least,) and are prepared to defend themselves to the utmost! So you see, sir, vice and valor, and withdraw your forces! for we are confidently able to maintain the siege single, or at least long enough to be reinforced by numbers, equal, if not superior, to the band you have with your boast."

This was said at a venture, for no one had the least hope of reinforcement; but it was thought best to speak with confidence, and throw out whatever hint might tend to make the enemy uneasy of the result.

"You want agree to my terms, then?" said Hawley.

"The same and we will agree to," put in Seth, angrily, "a to gin you about a minute, more or less, to take that fair ugly carcass of yours out of our sight! So tramp, you hear! dare we speak to you in the natural language that we utters talks to sich as you and your nigger friends!"

Hawley turned his eye quickly and suspiciously toward the different faces, as if to see whether or not a rift was noticed toward him; and then feeling safely shielded forward, he sneered his proposition immediate danger, by getting the cover of his pickaxes between him and his foes.

The appearance of the new enemy was a source of much: for instantly a huge body of Indians, who had crept up to the right and left, under cover of some bushes, while this conference was taking place, sprang forward, with their wildest yells of savage fury, and discharged a volley at the different loop holes as they ran toward the ravages.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SIEGE.

"Merciful God!" cried Eugene, as a ball passed between him and Blanche,—"Blanche! you shall not stand timber above their heads! that was a narrow escape for you! Come down to the left, and you would have been snatched from our protection! Go back! for the love of God!"

"One inch to the right," said Blanche, in a somewhat agitated voice, "and you, my dear friend, would have been no longer under my protection!"

"Hurray for Old Wrigley and Kaintuck!" yelled Seth: "the fight's done! the brave have won, and thus as lives through it will see a heap o' fun!"

The scene around him illustrated the truth of this; and might have been expected. This probably arose from their minds having been prepared for it, as on event which was certain to take place, sooner or later. With the exception of the observations we have recorded, a long, rapid conference from Kenton, spoken in a cool, firm tone, there was—little said, and soon after the attack every silence seemed to reign within and without. The hatred has a few minutes, apparently, and thus the Indians, having re-loaded their pieces, and found some provision here and there between the palisades, opened a somewhat steady fire upon the blockhouse, which they undoubtedly till might hope to storm in the scene—the scene of which was the turning to the different loop-holes, and returning the fire whenever the glimpse of an Indian could be seen—but neither party, as it happened, doing any damage worthy of mention.

What object the Indians had in firing at all, was not very clear; probably it was done partly for their own amusement, and partly in hopes that some of their balls might find a human mark; but the grand struggle was evidently to follow during the long hours of darkness; and as our friends noted the shades of night gradually settling around them, the greatest hush was compelled to feel the gloom and horrors of coming death creep over it.

"This is the last night on earth!" said Blanche to Eugene, speaking in a low, solemn tone.

"There comes little hope, I must admit, except the hope that we may die together!" was the equally solemn reply.

"If I was certain it would be a quick and speedy death together," replied Blanche, "I could look upon my fate with a calmness I feel not now; but this uncertainty—this awful dread of again falling into the hands of those demoniac wretches at all times to make my very heart shrink within me! It is terrible to die so young, while so much before me worth living for!—to die here, a bloody death, far from my friends, my home by the Hudson and left to the wild beasts of the forest!—but since I have been a prisoner—since I have known what a terrible doom will be mine if again taken—I a thousand times prefer such a death, with all its attendant horrors, to such a life of hopeless misery!—for if once again in the hands of Hawley, such promotions, I feel assured, would be mine, as would render my captivity hopeless indeed!"

"Poor soul, Miss Blanche!" said Eugene, compressing his lips and speaking with a choking effort, at the same time drawing his glittering knife from its sheath and holding it up before her: "Behold! your hope is here! Take this, and keep it by you! If I live, and the final moment arrives when there is no other hope, my arm shall strike the blow, to free both you and me!—but if I fall before you, your own arm must be moved to the deed!"

"Thank you, my dear friend!" said Blanche, as her fingers closed tightly upon the haft of the knife. "I shall breathe fewer sighs this to pass away!"

"Yes," he replied, "and the most valuable one," he added.

"I am aware of my value," returned Blanche, "and think it much too great to be put at your disposal! Considering that I am such a prize, I must confess I am somewhat astonished that you should have permitted such a long-distance romance, and such a heavy robbery, even after I warned you against it!"

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What object the Indians had in firing at all, was not very clear; probably it was done partly for their own amusement, and partly in hopes that some of their balls might find a human mark; but the grand struggle was evidently to follow during the long hours of darkness; and as our friends noted the shades of night gradually settling around them, the greatest hush was compelled to feel the gloom and horrors of coming death creep over it.

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"There comes little hope, I must admit, except the hope that we may die together!" was the equally solemn reply.

"If I was certain it would be a quick and speedy death together," replied Blanche, "I could look upon my fate with a calmness I feel not now; but this uncertainty—this awful dread of again falling into the hands of those demoniac wretches at all times to make my very heart shrink within me! It is terrible to die so young, while so much before me worth living for!—to die here, a bloody death, far from my friends, my home by the Hudson and left to the wild beasts of the forest!—but since I have been a prisoner—since I have known what a terrible doom will be mine if again taken—I a thousand times prefer such a death, with all its attendant horrors, to such a life of hopeless misery!—for if once again in the hands of Hawley, such promotions, I feel assured, would be mine, as would render my captivity hopeless indeed!"

"Poor soul, Miss Blanche!" said Eugene, compressing his lips and speaking with a choking effort, at the same time drawing his glittering knife from its sheath and holding it up before her: "Behold! your hope is here! Take this, and keep it by you! If I live, and the final moment arrives when there is no other hope, my arm shall strike the blow, to free both you and me!—but if I fall should interfere in their favor, they might, perhaps, put off the final moment for a brief time, but could not ultimately escape.

Still, determined to hold out to the last—to struggle while could only be death in the end, and that nothing could be gained by yielding up to despair, even if hope were lost—part of the night began to return the fire of the enemy, whenever they could get a glimpse of a dusky form, which the lurid light occasionally enabled them now to do, from one or two large fires they themselves had dashing water got on blazes.

This lasted some hours—a regular struggle is current—the Indians cautiously bringing fresh fuel, setting it on fire, and keeping up a continual discharge of guns at the different apertures—and the scouts dashing on the water, and firing back with the most certain and sure hand.

This lasted till the water in the tank became completely exhausted, during which time several of the Indians had been wounded, if not killed, though the only one of the whites had fallen, and the fire had been so kept under as to do not great damage. But it now became necessary to have a fresh supply of water, and this was proceeded to lower the tackets for the purpose. This they had would do so, unless some one went down to the enemy, perceiving their operation, ran down the stream to the water, and then submitted one to the water, and returning up under the protection of the palisades, succeeded in pulling out of the rope and out of announcing their success by a great triumphant yell.

This last unfortunate affair cost friends in a very critical position indeed; and food, fierce and bitter imprecations from Seth, as the fresh supply was brought and three rubbish combustibles, and before the flames could be kept back by a continual and roaring sound, with no means for those within to extinguish them, they were soon raging furiously.

Then the terrible state of affairs came to be clearly understood by the different parties. Kenton called his companions together, and said:

"Boys, we all see the situation we are in; and there is no use to attempt to disguise it! There's no fair chance, no chance to be fought on the open ground, with a small yellow gunning between them. We are in the blockhouse, and they are in the ravages, and the ringing of the fire-brands will be—the green wood will burn, and then thrust their blossoms and next their fragrance into the very eyes of the weather-side green blocks and pitches on the floor of warm, mellow light that will be beyond hope. Then a blanket of cool, mild dews, gathered in the grove by my own hands, will be thrown over the fire, and the flames will be extinguished, and the whole place filled with fragrance as far as nature's perfuming is concerned. Without this free and loving intercourse of thought, feeling, and sentiment, there may be the wild and fleeting glimmer of passion, but there can be no fruitful, permanent love.

When you look for a husband, ladies, cast away at once all the notion that a husband is to be a wise one. That is the rock on which many split, we do not you; but we've seen it happen. Treat any open-hearted; whose tongue runs frankly, sensibly, kindly, and of whose real feelings and thoughts you may have a fair way of judging. Then you may hope always to know how you stand with your husband, and to take some comfort talking with him.

ON TASTE.

Agreeable emotions and sensations may be divided into three orders; those which depend entirely for the season ;—those of harmony, which refer to the senses ;—and those of sympathy, which are the natural result of a union between harmony and propriety. Harmony is more durable than the former, the latter is temporance. Harmony is principally enjoyed by those men, who possess, what has not unaptly been termed, a sense, or rather an organ of beauty, which every man, in some degree, possesses, and which more exquisite in degree, and more correct by cultivation." It is very singular that the perception of beauty appears to always similar to that of the imagination—that those, who were most inclined to the contemplation and sublime objects in the natural world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroism virtue in the moral world, those, who are obscured rather with the delicacy and sweetness of every beautiful system, have more of the delicate, and ponder our passions;—clothe a private life in white, and a public one in black. Nothing is a new feature, as it were, to the pomp, the bloom, and the exuberance of nature, it enables the mind to illumine that it has seen before, but what is faded ;—giving a lighter yellow to the topaz, a more delicate blue to the violet, and a richer green crimson to the ruby, it imparts a higher brilliance to the diamond, and a more transparent purple to the amethyst.

Beauty is price which only the heart and the imagination can estimate, and being the mother of a thousand chaste desires, and a thousand sacred hopes, raises our thoughts above the level of flatteries and silence; and breathing inexpressive tenderness, gives the purest delicacy essential to the hour of sorrow, by inducing that secret sense of cheerfulness, which, in the midst of grief

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VIEW OF LIFE.

Those are the wisest men, who neglect who can pass through life as a play; who, without making a farce of it, and running into the opposite extreme of cynicism—running into the opposite extreme of tragedy—we consider the whole period from the cradle to the coffin as a well-conducted comedy, and maintain a cheerful smile to the last scene. For what is happiness but a willed-for-thing, a delusion, a mere dream, in pursuit of which thousands are tempted out of the harbor of tranquillity, to be tossed about as the sport of the winds of passion and the waves of disappointment, to be wrecked at last on the rocks of despair, unless they are provided with the chart, anchor of religion that can hold in all weathers?

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THE HAPPY TIME.

A REVERIE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I can see it all, as I sit here alone. The open door-way from me a little; and I can see over the grape-laden trellis, shining in my sun-chair beside the fire and shivering at every thought of air, or every noise in the passage outside. I am a young and happy girl of twenty-one, and the sunshine of a bright May morning is all around me. Let me think of it—let me speak of it. There may be many whose eyes will fall upon this page, to whom it will do no harm to look inside with me, while I go back for a time, and gaze at this bright memory of my youth.

There are some especial days in the life of every man and woman, I suppose, when Nature seems in sympathize with her children, and ocean, as it were, a diary of loveliness, expressly for them, of all others, to be happy in. It was such a day to me—that 16th of May. The air just tempered with a dash of coolness that made the blood bound deliciously through my veins—the sun shining gloriously in a sky of unclouded blue—a faint breeze stirring the young leaves upon the trees, and making the dew-drops tremble on the slender blades of grass—ah, what was I not worth to be young and happy and beloved, on such a morning as that! I leaned out of my chamber window in the little, redbrick house, and looked out upon the scene with a swelling heart. The sunlight fell pleasantly on the old-fashioned garden beneath, and the tall forest aisles were checkered with light and shade, while the birds sang around me. The little New England village road were like and misty in the distance, and the air, and every sense, that day seemed made ready for church. I saw a carriage standing before the door, with "Old Dobbin," the family horse, was drinking at the well, and the cattle would patiently behind her, till the old dame, with her spectacles on his haunches, should get way between the house and the gate, watching two or three white cattle upon the hill, and the rich pasture-land, with a small yellow gunning between them. Then I saw the old gentleman himself, with his silver hair, and the ringing of the first church bell—the crows were flying to the great mounts of the woods—the birds were singing among the lilacs—these were the sounds that came to me, as I sat in the window of that happy Sabbath morning, in the land where lies beyond the sea.

I was young then, as one that day. Is there any one who has forgotten the days of youth enough to ask me what that is? Let my readers and we went down into the parlor. It was the parlor of a New England farm-house—with an immense fireplace of walls; with plain white muslin curtains at the open sash, and a white damask cloth upon the table—but how pretty it looked! The windows were all open—the soft curtains swaying gently in the breeze—beyond them a thicket of roses, and the wild brown gathered in the grove by my own hands, to be strewn between the white damask cloth. There were no one to disturb us, for I was almost sole—because I was so happy. I sat down at the table, with a scrubbed, but there was a sheet of black manuscript before me, and throwing the pen down, took up a miniature that was always by there, and opened it. I have it here beside me now. It is a noble face. High forehead, overshadowed by fine dark curls, with a world of meaning in their depths, and waving, chattering, gallant mouth, with all love and fun, and that which touched this picture, though we laid the original in the cold ground. Ah, I can see myself as I sat—the tall, elegant form I had been looking for—and Arthur was beside me!

I would not describe him to the seeing in our interchange of hands,

yet much as felt it! Without speaking, all was made plain between us. There were obstacles in the way of our love, obstacles which might never be removed, and which bade fair to separate us for many years; but we were happy then, and no happy moment it was! We went into the little parlor, with our two pictures, we talked fairly with our two friends with with us, and the beauty of the day; yet all the time we felt, and knew that we were blest. Arthur showed it, in the next moment to be alone—and to speak freely, and to look into each other's eyes, and to feel that we were one.

Dearly as I loved my father, I could not help wishing when we had been searching after the Map-flowers before the others, and entered the house together, that Arthur would follow me, to greet it, and look it to the writing-desk. I saw him reading, as I did so, the lines which I had written but an hour before he came :

> "If it were all my spirit asked,
> To leave the light of day and sing,
> Or, with the lark, at heaven's gate
> To carol forth my offering,
> It turns from the glare that hides and dim—
> But, would I leave the light of him?
>
> To cheer me in each storm endeavor,
> To be the light of my life's river,
> Would they too change, and change forever?"

I looked up in the face, and saw that I had written, were full of tears. He opened his arms, and as I sprang towards him and laid my head upon his breast, I knew that he felt them. We stood in silence, hearing our own hearts beat, and rejoicing. Then he sank slowly to the seat, and Lucia, with her hands full of flowers, came running from the grove, bearing in her arms a sun. There never was a moment like that, in life, for me, or for him again!

Do you ask me why I do not go on? Have I not said enough—too much already? Why should I speak of the change that came to us, as it comes to all? Why should I tell of years, it is enough that the bright day had its end, that we were happy to the last, in it. No heart ever yet loved with joy and passionate devotion, but that same element, that cannot guess the rest—the parting—the estrangement—the forgetfulness—and last of all, the green grave in the churchyard, and the exquisit spirit sitting forever.

Ah, how the dream has faded! The May sunshine has fled, and the gay young girl has passed away with it. I cower once more over my fire, and turn from the pages of my book, to look out upon the murky sky and the driving rain, and sigh as I think how long ago it all was! And only smile, when I remember that at best it cannot be much longer that I must endure this weary exile. Soon, oh Arthur—but, but not forgotten! I will follow where thou art gone—to a country where no barrier can come between us, to a home where no love can be sinful, and to a land where it is always May.

"RESERVED" BUDDING.

BY AUGUSTA HOOKE.

What is more trying—more provoking, in fact—than when you are nearly dying to get at your husband's secret opinion, or rather understand, can to have him remain so silent and impracticable as a dead man in his coffin.

You may question him and coax him, you may reason with him, you may entreat of him to open his heart to you but this once ; you may even weep before him, and tell him that you cannot believe he has much regard for you if he persists in shutting you from his confidence ; it is all as nothing, you can't start him a peg, if he don't choose to be communicative. Oh ! dear me ! how trying it is !

Then, again, when your husband has done wrong, and he knows it, and knows that you know it; and when you feel that the only way to be happy again until he repents and reforms, and you try to convince with him about it; to touch his feelings, and induce him to express regret, and a resolution of amendment, you might as well talk to a log-post and expect it to answer you. There the immovable lump sits, or stands, or lies, and his face never changes, nor can you read a thought in his eyes. Now, while I am writing, I know that he is saying "I never gets angry at his friends,"but prefer to be reasoned, and convinced." Well, I am not the judge of his sure and not as the other, making no more impression than if they were not forced with pain from your inmost heart.

Truly it is encouraging talking to "silent partners!" truly it is delightful to spend a few years days and ecrrows into the care of a man who makes no return of confidence ; truly it is delightful to abide always, or most of the time, on the wholesome outside of his heart, and to remain to the last one's cribbed, who is ne'er near and dear, that one never thought of refusing to him the liberty of one's soul as it is the inmost recesses of one's heart ! Oh, I am tired, self-willed, and silent man. They are really perfect! Who wouldn't rather dwell in a house where now and then a tornado swept the land than in one where a perpetual calm existed.

He whose heart is kind, and quiet, and true, and who is not to be trusted truly like the rest of those who love him. How, then, can a woman who is never able to gain a view into the heart of him upon whom she has bestowed her affections ? escape the haunting and tormenting fear that the woman who is not loved by her husband ? Not while her is because he fears to do so lest he convict himself of some fault, or wrong deed ? If fails to her were written all over the walls of his soul, (so to speak) and she could read it at a glance. They are not to rejoice to throw it open for her inspection ? Most certainly he would. Though there are scores of other people who are not to be trusted, and we have any right to regard to each other, yet between them, as between lovers, there should be perfect confidence as far as matters pertaining to each other's welfare are concerned. Without this free and loving interchange of thought, feeling, and sentiment, there may be the wild and fleeting gleamer of passion, but there can be no fruitful, permanent love.

When you look for a husband, ladies, cast away at once all the notion that a husband is to be a wise one. That is the rock on which many split, we do not you ; but we've seen it happen. Treat any open-hearted ; whose tongue runs frankly, sensibly, kindly, and of whose real feelings and thoughts you may have a fair way of judging. Then you may hope always to know how you stand with your husband, and to take some comfort talking with him.

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THE RIVER'S DARK

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

So many saints! years have passed,
As birds walk bright wings flee,
Since we beside that river's edge
Sat down to children glee.
The day was beautiful and calm,
We happy as the day,
The children laughed and sang to laugh
Like children in their play.

And we sat and saw their faces,
And kissed and loved their lips,
You from your faith in all things bright,
I from my past to you.
You told me that in after years
We'd recall beside that stream,
And all the while the waters laughed,
So pleasant was the dream.

I asked you, if an elfin queen
Had made your eyes as blue—
And then the waters harder laughed,
As if they thought it true.
The laughing waters could not hear—
And I but whispered it,
And if I had a stricture spoke,
I fear it when you smiled.

We sounded our hearts upon the waves,
And watched them dance and shine;
You're safely gained the other shore,
The waters buried mine.
Your face was like an angel's clear,
Its look has scarcely changed;
You dwell inside that river yet—
While I afar have ranged.

You might believe in fairies still
Your life has been so fallow—
Some racial ann scarcely ever spilled
Might have the look you wear.
The hopes which blossom in your heart,
Are like the flowers of yore—
Your eyes are open to the world
As still they were before.

The laughing gee of that bright day
Departed from me long,
And sometimes memory wakes keep
The echo of its song.
Ah no! the shrinking of my heart
Would hush its pleasure still,
To hear the summer music there
In all for you alone.

THE THREE BOOK-KEEPERS

AND THEIR WIVES.

BY GEO. F. MAY ELD.

Three young ladies, one afternoon, in the winter of 1856, were in their chamber at a genteel house in Fourteenth street, engaged in making their ball-dresses, preparatory for a night at the opera. They were going to see and be seen. Two of these fair damsels were sisters, born and bred in the city: the other was a cousin, (Cousin Nan, they called her,) who had first opened her eyes among the green hills of Vermont, and lived in rural thrifty small within a year or two, when she came to New York to finish her education." In the house of her uncle William, who was her guardian, she being an orphan. Nan was a blonde beauty—not absolute ly handsome either, but her bright gray eyes beamed with intelligence and kindness, and added to that her rosy cheeks, nice teeth, and fresh, cheerful expression of the mouth, and you will, I think, find her appearance was prepossessing. She completed, who were rather pale, though well-shaped brunettes, with blue eyes and dark hair, and she was tall but; but the fact was, that they would have parted with half their ringlets, (and the mission of the world have made their hairdresser's eyes shine for they had any quantity of them,) to have been as large as Nan, notwithstanding she weighed a hundred and forty, and were number three.

"I tell you, Sophy," said one of the sisters, who was soothing the silvery sweep of curls under a band of pearls, "it is best, for several reasons, that we should all be married on the same day; isn't it, Nan?"

"Sure yourselves and you will suit me," replied Nan, who stood before a glass, on *debatable*; her full, ripe bust entirely veiled by a cloud of auburn hair which she was combing. So the girls agreed that their approaching union to the men of their choice should be a triple wedding. Charlotte assisted Sophy in arranging her jewels in her ringlets, by her putting on her own dress; and manifesting the parent affection existed between the two sisters. It was evident, too, that they loved cousin Nan al most as much as they did each other. Yet no two of the young ladies were at all alike in their desires and aspirations.

"Tell the truth, Nan," said Sophy, gayly, as she hooked up her sticky-flounced, pearl-colored silk, "and own up, that you wish that you and your prim little Mr. Wallis were more nearly of a size; such a man, now, as mine! What a splendid fellow Charley is, to be sure! Only see how firm for a brigadier-general. What a shame that he is only a book-keeper!"

"Highly," sighed Charlotte, "we are in the same book together: we have all got book-keepers. One can't have everything that one wants! I wish George had a larger salary. How much is Charley paid by the bank?"

"Two thousand dollars a year," replied Sophy, "and here we are going to live on that. I confess I don't know. How much does George get in the insurance office?"

"Two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and five hundred dollars as a present on the annual dividend day," answered Charlotte, who was in the act, just then, of putting 'just the least little in the world' of pearl-powder on her neck and arms. "How much does Wallis have, Nan?"

"I never asked him," replied their cousin. The sisters exclaimed with astonishment, and Charlotte really chided her for her inattention to matters. Sassy replied with a smile, that she had sufficient confidence in Mr. Wallis's judgment and affection for her, to believe that he would not annoy unless he had ample means to support her respectably.

"Well, you are a simpy?" exclaimed Lotty, in obvious pity for her simplicity.

"Any one might know that you were from Vermont?" cried Sophy, mockingly, and yet with good humor.

"I hope so," returned Nan, laughingly; and added, "I know one thing, that my little man, as you call him (though he weighs as much as both of you put together), is as fond of me as I am of him; have got at the world in my clothes, and a few hundred dollars to money? I hasn't been all spent for my music, drawing, &c."

"And yet you never seem to care about it!" said Charlotte.

"Oh, she is as easy as an old shoe!" said Sophy, smiling, and sliding down at her little writing-desk to supercribe a note. Then ensued some talk about their future prospects in life, and how they would like to live if they could, &c. Charlotte wanted that her husband should amass wealth, and be called one of the most substantial citizens—in short, another Astor.

Sophy' ambition was to be the pink of fashion, the cynosure of all eyes, a leader of the beau monde. A magnificent mansion in the Fifth Avenue, a splendid carriage and equipage, routes, dinners, receptions, and all that sort of thing, were the desire of her heart, and she declared that she should never be contented without them.

Nan said that, for her part, she cared neither for power nor riches. She was certainly serious in speculation, but she did not aspire above her present sphere, and the attendant cousins, in the middle rank of society. With these, and a good husband, and both in good health, she should be content to go straight through life, without any of the "brilliant surfeiting" desired by Sophy.

"What a humdrum, Huggins' existence that would be!" exclaimed the sparkling brunette.

"Yet, after all, Miss Simplicity Prim here may be richer ultimately than either of us, Sophy," said Charlotte, thoughtfully. "We have nothing but expectations, and they may turn out to be but chilcastle's chickens. I'm sure *I* don't count much upon them."

Sophy deigned no other reply than a toss of her pretty head.

"If I am to be the rich one," cried Nan, laughing, as she arranged her bouquet, "you both shall share my fortune with me. I promise you that I think I can unlikely safe upon it,) five thousand dollars each when I am of age."

"That's no more than I would do by you, my dear Nan," said Sophy.

"You sometimes tell me, Soph, that I am not very generous, but I am sure that I am *prone* cousin Nan as much as you," cried Lotty.

"You shall have my note for the amount, Nan," said Sophy, smiling, and wrote very quick and in a sheet of embossed note-paper, the bold down her pen in a minute, and the following was the agreement or joint-bond:—

"We the undersigned, Charlotte Alice, Sophia L. Alice, (daughters of William Y. Alice, of the city of New York,) and Nancy Ingersoll, of Ingersollville, Vt., do promise, severally and mutually agree and contract, hereby, that if either of us, the said parties, shall be married on the same day with the others, and successfully or otherwise, real or personal, the value of twenty thousand dollars, or upwards, she shall pay to the other two parties of the contract, the sum of five thousand dollars each, in money, or its equivalent in real estate or stocks."

The girls had to laugh at this, of course.

"But what if the rich husband, (unlikely fellow!) should utterly refuse to comply with your agreement?" said Nan.

"That would dishonor his wife and should entitle her to a divorce," rejoined Charlotte, smiling.

"I'll fix that," said Sophy; "just you wait a moment. What's the use of having a lawyer for a father, if you can't call up a legal document at will?"

And running her pen, she made the following addendum to her writing:—

"Provided, nevertheless, that if by reason of action, or inaction, on the part of the husband of either party to this contract, she shall be prevented from making the payments above due in the other parties to the contract, then, and in that case stipulated, it is hereby agreed that she shall be absolved from the said payment, notwithstanding, and the said husband is to be footsteel that disobedience to and both this contract and her marital responsibility shall be considered as null and void."

"There now!" said Sophy, laughing, as she read this, and then signed it, with a make-believe flourish. "Nan is what a son-captain calls having an anchor to the windward. This agreement secures her from the folly of us has any grouped now of ever being worth as much as this calls for, and I am sure our intended husbands are no better off than we are. Come, Lotty, put your name to this: you are the oldest."

Charlotte thought a moment, and then, with a tremulous hand took the pen and signed the paper. Sophy and Nan did the same. Two duplicates were made; and by that time, it was nearly dark, and dinner was about being announced. So the brilliantly-lighted parlor, they found their three lovers awaiting them. Charles Augustus Ingersoll, Sophy's beau, was what is called a fine-looking young man. He was tall, well-formed and handsome. His look was a little sensual, but his features were regular, his eyes black and piercing, and his expression very excellent. Charlotte's choice was such, it seemed queer that he should be "only a bookkeeper."

George Ellison, Lotty's sweetheart, was neither tall nor short, nor dark nor fair, and looked like a broad, gray-eyed man, with a shrewd, business look, and a certain ward of ease in his manner, that all all perceptible in the insurance office. The other book-keeper present was a short, stout man, but very handsome, with fine-looking gentleman, answering to the name of Jacob Wallis. He had been open a hundred times in the course of the day since he had dimples in them. Mr. Allen was detained by a law case in the Supreme Court, and did not open. They had a high time at dinner, and a glass of wine with it. When the gentlemen smoked their cigars, the young ladies withdrew, but soon re-appeared, and in great glee produced the bond of agreement, and the gentlemen signed, and drawn up. A clause had been added in the meantime, for the gentlemen to sign, binding themselves to respect the contract, on pain of abandonment. This was all accomplished in the midst of laughter, and drawn for merriment; and as the girls vowed they would not let the day for the marriage be until they had got over three papers, Wallis, Ellison and Draper all put their names to it, and it was sealed with a wafer, and Jacob Wallis kept it. Then it was agreed that the triple wedding should come off (with Mr. Allen's consent) in the month of March next.

When the time came around, the marriages were duly solemnized, and the lovers were united. Charlotte and her cousin, and their spouses, had consulted to reside with Mr. Allen; the latter thinking it a deal finer and more genteel, went to housekeeping. At first she had thought she would furnish with a view to economy; but on making a call on inquiry, neither she nor her husband could be satisfied with anything short of a splendor to which they had to pay $1,500 a year. Then their carriages and horses, and a large circle of friends, set she said, at that. The bank directors had liberally increased the salary of their clerk at the time of his marriage, but he had to borrow money, notwithstanding, upon a mortgage of his furniture, and his expensive way of living kept him short and embarrassed proximity all the time. Husband and wife were at war. The latter charged extravagance upon the former, and he upon her. Then they would make up, and for a month or two be as fond as ever. Then would come a fresh quarrel, and so they went on.

Sophy' ambition was to be the pink of fashion, the cynosure of all eyes, a leader of the beau monde. A magnificent mansion in the Fifth Avenue, splendid carriage and equipage, routes, dinners, receptions, and all that sort of thing, were the desire of her heart, and she declared that she should never be contented without them.

Nan said that, for her part, she cared neither for power nor riches. She was certainly serious in speculation, but she did not aspire above her present sphere, and the attendant cousins, in the middle rank of society. With these, and a good husband, and both in good health, she should be content to go straight through life, without any of the "brilliant surfeiting" desired by Sophy.

"What a humdrum, Huggins' existence that would be!" exclaimed the sparkling brunette.

"Yet, after all, Miss Simplicity Prim here may be richer ultimately than either of us, Sophy," said Charlotte, thoughtfully. "We have nothing but expectations, and they may turn out to be but chilcastle's chickens. I'm sure *I* don't count much upon them."

Sophy deigned no other reply than a toss of her pretty head.

"If I am to be the rich one," cried Nan, laughing, as she arranged her bouquet, "you both shall share my fortune with me. I promise you that I think I can unlikely safe upon it,) five thousand dollars each when I am of age."

"That's no more than I would do by you, my dear Nan," said Sophy.

"You sometimes tell me, Soph, that I am not very generous, but I am sure that I am *prone* cousin Nan as much as you," cried Lotty.

"You shall have my note for the amount, Nan," said Sophy, smiling, and wrote very quick and in a sheet of embossed note-paper, the bold down her pen in a minute, and the following was the agreement or joint-bond:—

"We the undersigned, Charlotte Alice, Sophia L. Alice, (daughters of William Y. Alice, of the city of New York,) and Nancy Ingersoll, of Ingersollville, Vt., do promise, severally and mutually agree and contract, hereby, that if either of us, the said parties, shall be married on the same day with the others, and successfully or otherwise, real or personal, the value of twenty thousand dollars, or upwards, she shall pay to the other two parties of the contract, the sum of five thousand dollars each, in money, or its equivalent in real estate or stocks."

The girls had to laugh at this, of course.

"But what if the rich husband, (unlikely fellow!) should utterly refuse to comply with your agreement?" said Nan.

"That would dishonor his wife and should entitle her to a divorce," rejoined Charlotte, smiling.

"I'll fix that," said Sophy; "just you wait a moment. What's the use of having a lawyer for a father, if you can't call up a legal document at will?"

And running her pen, she made the following addendum to her writing:—

"Provided, nevertheless, that if by reason of action, or inaction, on the part of the husband of either party to this contract, she shall be prevented from making the payments above due in the other parties to the contract, then, and in that case stipulated, it is hereby agreed that she shall be absolved from the said payment, notwithstanding, and the said husband is to be footsteel that disobedience to and both this contract and her marital responsibility shall be considered as null and void."

"There now!" said Sophy, laughing, as she read this, and then signed it, with a make-believe flourish. "Nan is what a son-captain calls having an anchor to the windward. This agreement secures her from the folly of us has any grouped now of ever being worth as much as this calls for, and I am sure our intended husbands are no better off than we are. Come, Lotty, put your name to this: you are the oldest."

Charlotte thought a moment, and then, with a tremulous hand took the pen and signed the paper. Sophy and Nan did the same. Two duplicates were made; and by that time, it was nearly dark, and dinner was about being announced. So the brilliantly-lighted parlor, they found their three lovers awaiting them. Charles Augustus Ingersoll, Sophy's beau, was what is called a fine-looking young man. He was tall, well-formed and handsome. His look was a little sensual, but his features were regular, his eyes black and piercing, and his expression very excellent. Charlotte's choice was such, it seemed queer that he should be "only a bookkeeper."

George Ellison, Lotty's sweetheart, was neither tall nor short, nor dark nor fair, and looked like a broad, gray-eyed man, with a shrewd, business look, and a certain ward of ease in his manner, that all all perceptible in the insurance office. The other book-keeper present was a short, stout man, but very handsome, with fine-looking gentleman, answering to the name of Jacob Wallis. He had been open a hundred times in the course of the day since he had dimples in them. Mr. Allen was detained by a law case in the Supreme Court, and did not open. They had a high time at dinner, and a glass of wine with it. When the gentlemen smoked their cigars, the young ladies withdrew, but soon re-appeared, and in great glee produced the bond of agreement, and the gentlemen signed, and drawn up. A clause had been added in the meantime, for the gentlemen to sign, binding themselves to respect the contract, on pain of abandonment. This was all accomplished in the midst of laughter, and drawn for merriment; and as the girls vowed they would not let the day for the marriages until they had got over three papers, Wallis, Ellison and Draper all put their names to it, and it was sealed with a wafer, and Jacob Wallis kept it. Then it was agreed that the triple wedding should come off (with Mr. Allen's consent) in the month of March next.

When the time came around, the marriages were duly solemnized, and the lovers were united. Charlotte and her cousin, and their spouses, had consulted to reside with Mr. Allen; the latter thinking it a deal finer and more genteel, went to housekeeping. At first she had thought she would furnish with a view to economy; but on making a call on inquiry, neither she nor her husband could be satisfied with anything short of a splendor to which they had to pay $1,500 a year. Then their carriages and horses, and a large circle of friends, set she said, at that. The bank directors had liberally increased the salary of their clerk at the time of his marriage, but he had to borrow money, notwithstanding, upon a mortgage of his furniture, and his expensive way of living kept him short and embarrassed proximity all the time. Husband and wife were at war. The latter charged of excessive household expenditures to their wives, and this was the case with Charlotte's husband. A matter of course, he got cross, and it led to numerous matrimonial tempests in a tea-pot, so that, with all her "grandeur," Sophy was not so any happy after all. Her sister Charlotte was not at all extravagant, and she and her husband managed to live very well within his income of $3,000 per annum; but she longed to be rich, and envied those who had the reputation of being wealthy.

Nan was the only really contented and entirely happy wife of the lot, and her bliss continued unclouded until the following autumn, when a sad bereavement occurred to her and the sisters. Mr. Allen, their father, was one of the first to feel the great blow inflicted by the astounding failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company in the fall of 1857. The little that he had invested in that rotten concern. The stock literally killed him. It was said that he died of heart disease. Perhaps it was apoplexy, for physicians don't know everything, and it was as easy for man to say one thing as another. At any rate, he lived an hour after he was stricken. After his mental and interment, his bereaved family could hardly realize that he was dead. His estate was bankrupt, and his house became the property of his creditors. In the midst of the general panic, from which we are now hotly recovering, shook the mercantile world as an earthquake convulsed the foundations of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The largest houses, the strongest banks, were tottering, and seeing fabrics built upon the credit system during twenty years of extraordinary business prosperity, were the first to topple to fall, carrying with them numerous dependent creditors, and crushing in their descent, thousands of small houses around them. The third street, the great focus of the larger share of the capital of the country, was pained. The Bank and Insurance Offices (being small institutions) were comparatively content, but the husband of the sisters, worked, were affected by the crash. The bank in which Jacob Wallis was the book-keeper, failed irremediably; and he also, like his employer, was thrown out of business altogether. What was to be done? It certainly dull times they could all have lived and employment easily, for they were desirable men; but now everything was flat, with no prospect of say is up for a long time.

Charles and Sophy were in great distress of mind. They had been living at the rate of about $5 required so much money! George was too honest to do a dishonorable act, and had even borrowed of Jacob enough to keep the wheels from being stopped. Mr. Allen's two executors both Ellison and Wallis had to cast about for a livelihood.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1855.

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ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of this paper, must be addressed to Robert Bonner, New York Ledger office, 44 and 46 Ann street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when addressed to anybody in any agent, although send your money direct to the office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-Office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the number for which it is paid, so that if you do not continue it, you should renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such for this paper, do not give him a cent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are always dated from the beginning of the bunting story, unless the subscriber informs us of the number with which he wishes his subscription to begin.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former, as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

MR. CORB'S NEW SEA STORY.

Next week we shall begin Mr. Cobb's new sea story, which we have no hesitation in saying is the very best thing which that universally popular writer has ever written. It is a masterly *Romance of the Ocean*, abounding in new scenes and new characters, and filled with the wildest adventure and the most heart-stirring interest, yet true to nature, and to life, and characterized, in all Mr. Cobb's best manner, by a high moral lesson. The name of the new tale is "GUINDOMERE; or, *The North Sea Rover*—a Story of the Coast and Waters of Old England."

GOD OVER ALL.

Eccentric, perverse, and contradictory as the human element in creation may be, directed by the omniscient and omnipotent power of God, the individual man, and, above all, indifferent as His providence may appear to the prayer of every heart, withdrawn and the schemes of our narrow purposes, merely as shadows in the beautiful, God is over all. Aggregate the creation, and His order is perfect—His goodness adorably divine. Of all things so loving as the omnipresent sheepfold, not one but is best adapted, as related to the whole, and the whole is sympathetic in the circle of the new tale is "GUINDOMERE; or, *The North Sea Rover*—a Story of the Coast and Waters of Old England."

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

Stupendous in scope and proportion, magnificent in harmony and beauty, is the unclouded God move harmonious, and musical in His praise, than the most fortunate of mortal music. God over all! —how eloquently the extreme proclaims it—day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. It gleams through the gates of morning, and flashes backward on the last sunbeam; the earth breathes of it, and it is the mighty voice of many waters. Out in the fields, and over the wooded hill, it comes to the side of incense and music; not a bird but repeats it from the nest on the cabin door, to the lark "soaring and singing in the heavens!" not a blossom but exhales it, from the bloomiest violet lost in "the folds of the dewy grass," to

"The oak—whose shape, and stature, and mossy pale."

God over all—His love, beaming from every star and from every flower; His bounty, pouring from unexplored sources, and from the hand of man can compass, or heart of man desire; His justice, unending cause and creed, revealing in the conscience of the proud and the fears of the humble, and measuring to each the same measure of blessing—who, against all this, will stand forth and say God is not over all? The human element may seem to succeed, the human oppression may seem to flourish, the human caprice may necessity rule and triumph, but all these, as parts in one whole, are so monstrous on our records, are only here and there, fleeting and disappearing things—lost to to-day and forgotten to-morrow—while the power, the love, the bounty, and the justice of God remain immutable, forever.

God over all!—spinning may fancy they rule, and nations may upraise themselves and dream of permanence of place and power, man may put on the lengthiest of his mental line his vain prayer, pyramid and pillar, and say, what much of his trophy has vanished—"I am," he says, "I am that stands in the heavens shall hold him in defiance!"—in a little time the empires of kings are broken, the nations are dead, the pyramids and the pompe written thereon are perished, and unto the universal race of man—"one to his long home," leaving, as in the beginning and forever, God over all. Let us think of this, as each in our vanity and pride—as a spur to our reverence, our gratitude, and our faith—as an extinguisher on the wretched skepticisms, or more miserable egotisms, which lead him to invest the divine order of things, to defy himself and the happy himself to different in, or independent of, God! Every day, hour, and moment of our lives should be characterized by a devotee sense of that grandest of all truths, that God is over all—and that He has marked out the way of life, and declared that He will "judge every man according to his works."

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VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

Order is not more known'st first law, than law is the only firm basis of order. In the tribe, the family, the community and the State, there can be no surety of harmony, no permanence of order without law—law, established, respected and obeyed. Even incident man finds the courses of his being vague, wandering and futile, without a chart of order bounded by the compass of law. There must be fixed rule or system, discipline, and it matters little whether the code be written or unwritten, so long as it is understood. Man, and the nationalities of States, may outgrow any given rule, however wise for its time, but mischief and woe to that society, be it small or great, which attempts to exist set aside violently; not by calm deliberation but by frenzied passion.

It is far better to suffer great evils under the law than to override law by absolutely overthrowing it. All history, all experience has shown this. Hence we have ever looked with suspicion and fear upon Vigilance Committees, or whatever other method of rule and redress, set up in defiance of customary authority. All such rule is revolutionary and uncertain. It may prove a blessing, it may turn out a curse. The seizure or sudden possession of unaccustomed authority and power has, oftener than otherwise, intoxicated and maddened the possessors, and rendered them scourges rather than benefactors. Peoples have been slow to learn, even from the wilder new despotism, to the milder old Communities and nations have experienced this.

The progress of civilization has been slow, but on the start, yet final and destructive long before the end. As the centuries of the world's history have swells with success, necessary motives and active ambitions cause the falling off of primitive virtues, patriotism, and what began with a promise of order and liberty, soon found constant cause for destruction. The longer started by the spy of reform, but too often became a curb, more hostile than any other tyranny. The California Vigilance Committee was a noticeable instance, since all other means of redress were taken from the enemies, and exhausted—besides, the movement was an universal spontaneity. Yet even this more recent example in New Orleans has not impressed us as tolerable. Admitting the grossest of crime and perversity of order under the law, what new thing was this in the history of New Orleans? It is not shown on close questioning that the Crescent city has any criminal out of ratio for the past two or three years. The fact that the high election, and success in the face of the Vigilance Committee, shows that the strongest revolution was not endorsed by the people—as it surely would have been had all the charges of the Vigilance Committee been true. We are apprehensive that party politics and personal schemes were the spring of the movement, and were we believers in the doctrine of expediency, we could, and do, and characterized, as all of Mr. Cobb's sea romances, by a high moral lesson. The name of the new tale is "GUINDOMERE; or, *The North Sea Rover*—a Story of the Coast and Waters of Old England."

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A LAW SUIT MUCH THAN JUST.

Here I have been sitting and twiddling the morning paper between my fingers this half hour, reflecting on the last sentence in the paragraph in it—"Judge —— was arrested yesterday for wearing mink's tails on his coat." Now, sir, as an honest editor—(there is a pun by being out, or where's the harm else for its time, but mischief and woe to that society, be it small or great, which attempts to exist set aside violently; not by calm deliberation but by frenzied passion.

It is far better to suffer great evils under the law than to override law by absolutely overthrowing it. All history, all experience has shown this. Hence we have ever looked with suspicion and fear upon Vigilance Committees, or whatever other method of rule and redress, set up in defiance of customary authority. All such rule is revolutionary and uncertain. It may prove a blessing, it may turn out a curse. The seizure or sudden possession of unaccustomed authority and power has, oftener than otherwise, intoxicated and maddened the possessors, and rendered them scourges rather than benefactors. Peoples have been slow to learn, even from the wilder new despotism, to the milder old Communities and nations have experienced this.

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"Well, Mr. Fern seized his hat, and cut we went together to thirty-third street, and got possession of my arm; you see a fellow." "True," said I, "I see a fellow." "Well, you can't see a fellow, and you can't see a fellow, so you did just now, and do, for mercy's sake, stop laughing. There, there goes your hat—I knew it would be so. Now what's the matter? It seems my hair; lucky the dark, isn't it?" But as the delicious laugh broke out afresh, my ears were well started! No skirts to hold up, or to slip and our stillness. The name of the new tale is "GUINDOMERE; or, *The North Sea Rover*—a Story of the Coast and Waters of Old England."

Such is his ardently that you cannot offend him; and as to "and so Jenny" three times a day for a whole week, but on the eighth morning he meets you coming out, and throws your head with as much fervor as if it had just written him a check. His disinterestedness is equally conspicuous; give him the last morsel on your plate, and he will not have his fur a thousand at what date you sell. He has a desire to applaud at the repeat of the encore, because *he can see after you your own home*; and he sets off at your coming, as if it were for another.

Mr. Bowrover is a vehement advocate for the strict administration of all laws conservative of property. He is a deadly enemy to the swindler, the land-shiner at the sight of a pickpocket. Even forgery, though more genteel, he denounces as indecently unfeeling. Once, when a person of rather sullidie against the successful practice of borrowing and all might be more profitably and generally carried on upon the principles of that art. He insists that in a free country no man should be pleased without consideration;—but that at the same time every man has a right to be robbed if he likes. He is solitary in his judgments of character, and is either stiff-on—he has no pity for the poor—follows that they may what they can, and when they can't, take to stealing; who knows nothing of the golden mean, who never prolongs the hand that money away in paying their debts," when, by spending it ruinously, they might always have a good excuse for not discharging them. Yet in his morose than these two negatives, the beggar and the thief, coming up that grand affirmative, the Bowrover. It is simply so. How weak the elements of character are, which are compounded of what body can beg, anybody can steal; but to unite the two—to honour—requires profound genius. But the world, as we daily see, is full of profound genius.

THE WAR FLURRY.

The war flurry is about blown over. As we expected would be the case, the commander of the British squadron in the Gulf disavows the acts of his countrymen who have been guilty of piracy, and not only disavows, but has sent a vessel to overhaul them. This is certainly the right course to restrict amount. So, too, has the British Government disavowed the hostile acts of the commander of Nicaragua. We are glad to see the horizon clear up so readily, and can see no reason, as a preventive of further loss aggressions, that the British Government should not send a fleet to all the other countries that even squint toward a "fight of enough" in time of peace. Let us stand fair and square, with the mutual understanding that John Bull is to stick to his own colors, and mind his own business, while Brother Jonathan does the same. The war party may as well hang up their fiddles, for they have not the ghost of a chance, unless by some squandering war-shoot and gun-boat display they can provoke a quarrel. They are evidently willing and anxious to "kick up a row." The Mormon war, also, may be set down as ended—before it began. Our troops will soon be in the condition of the famous legionaries, who

"Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

THE BORROWER.

BY A PATRON OF "MY UNCLE."

The Borrower, with admirable confidence of character, borrows his motto from Shakspeare—"Base is the slave who pays!" He understands the meaning of the verb "to give," as in the case of a political subscription or a charitable donation, of which lists are published in the papers. Common people—poor—supplied people pay. He looks upon himself as a professor of the most difficult and valuable art extant—the art of borrowing.

By the art of borrowing, he of course means borrowing money. All other loans he despises except in cases of extremity—as misapplications of great talents, and tending to bring a great principle into a familiarity which breeds contempt. To be sure, the man who borrows only—male articles is so fool, but he is a small dealer, and generally disgraces his art. What can be prettier himself? What does he obtain to? He can seldom get beyond a set of books, an umbrella, or a great coat! He is poor, well, and readers borrowing a horn to both parties. Money alone, the sure means of purchasing the luxuries of my patrons—the medium for the exercise of our free will—the power of defying the world—

"The glorious privilege
Of being independent."

this alone is worthy the great soul, the grand purpose, the noble sensibilities of the enlightened Borrower; he should, as Cobbett used to say, "get money, and go to Hell!" He will make good use of it, events, if he have the least pretension to honesty—never so pay it back.

The man who merely intimated that to pay back money is inconsistent with the principle of borrowing, had a different doctrine, we are sorry, has been cruelly breathed in some quarters, and a different practice has been generally followed. Instances of some credit and character are now and then known to create much disquietment by actually returning the money—by observing their "promise to pay" in the letter as well as the spirit. This is a mistake of the first magnitude. The money should be kept by the borrower, and if he have having been lent, there is thought to be no reason why the loan of it should be kept for the repayment of the bills. Convenient as the plan may be, and at first sight it seems definitely enough, it is in point of fact tampering with an essential principle. It is a descent from the high to the middle ground—it countenances the fatal doctrine of expediency, and compromises an independent character.

The high-minded Borrower is proof against the possibility of this practice. He is not of opinion that the end justifies the means. He never can be induced, under any circumstances whatever, to violate the first rule of his art. All that he ever demands doing is this way; it is write to you to advance him a good round sum, requesting that you will *deduct what he owes you from the amount*. He has a delicate sense of honour, and the suspicion of conscientious ever executed in inducing him to pay back the money he has borrowed would be an open blank of turning tender. He gets his gold for his play, and he keeps it upon a divided principle. He acts upon an upright and very simple principle, and he considers that "honesty is the best policy" when it always accommodating," he says, "to my fellow-men, but will not go with fifties, and take your note for the rest; or he will call to-morrow, or next Friday, for the balance." He regret that you cannot accommodate him on the terms he has stated, but hopes you can; trust you will do for him. If you cannot possibly name a date and are so likelihood, then he can drop in and take his chance; and, in the meantime, you will just be so good as to give him a note of introduction to Mr. Lonsdown, your agent in Lothbury.

Such is his ardently that you cannot offend him; and as to "and so Jenny" three times a day for a whole week, but on the eighth morning he meets you coming out, and throws your head with as much fervor as if it had just written him a check. His disinterestedness is equally conspicuous; give him the last morsel on your plate, and he will not have his fur a thousand at what date you sell. He has a desire to applaud at the repeat of the encore, because *he can see after you your own home*; and he sets off at your coming, as if it were for another.

Mr. Bowrover is a vehement advocate for the strict administration of all laws conservative of property. He is a deadly enemy to the swindler, the land-shiner at the sight of a pickpocket. Even forgery, though more genteel, he denounces as indecently unfeeling. Once, when a person of rather sullidie against the successful practice of borrowing and all might be more profitably and generally carried on upon the principles of that art. He insists that in a free country no man should be pleased without consideration;—but that at the same time every man has a right to be robbed if he likes. He is solitary in his judgments of character, and is either stiff-on—he has no pity for the poor—follows that they may what they can, and when they can't, take to stealing; who knows nothing of the golden mean, who never prolongs the hand that money away in paying their debts," when, by spending it ruinously, they might always have a good excuse for not discharging them. Yet in his morose than these two negatives, the beggar and the thief, coming up that grand affirmative, the Bowrover. It is simply so. How weak the elements of character are, which are compounded of what body can beg, anybody can steal; but to unite the two—to honour—requires profound genius. But the world, as we daily see, is full of profound genius.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—DISTILLED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY ORI, A. PRETTY.

Dress is external sensibility, frequently used to disguise internal vulgarity. Wise men will neither be the first to adopt a new fashion, nor the last to abandon an old one, for an affectation of singularity is only the source to see the ridiculous in others, and a want of consideration is sure to the contemptible exhibition of being personally known to those who do not know you by name.

One of the conclusions at present left for those to whom the fortune of birth has not been favorable, is the unsolved conclusion of success. As the man of capital and the breed of flesh are not running out, and that the accumulation of money there is a growing necessity and so fast, that it must shortly spoil their bankrolls.

To eat and drink is to supply the lamp of life with cotton and oil. If, however, we make the stomach a mere receptacle for food, the body will soon become the appetizers of the soul. To make a sign of your body is to sell yourself to the devil. The poor are much less injured by occasional fasts than the luxurious by constant feasts.

It is the proud prerogative of noble natures that they retain their influence after death. The image which gained us on earth, becomes more to us from above, and the tenderest may still claim our aspirations on the throne of mercy, as they were intercessors to the living and the dead.

In some parts of the country, editors are always supporting other men for office, and asserting for right to be elected themselves. Why don't they run for office, and have the benefit of their own arguments? Instead of forcing others into office, they would be in every convention voting to accept the nomination.

Some read to think, these are rare; some to write, these are many; some to read and write, and these form the great majority. It has been said of the latter class that they think quicker than they write, because there is less time, and less bother of an intimate acquaintance.

The Queen of Spain seems, you little round? exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized her by the nose upon the public street. "Oh, nothing, only going out to seek my fortune, and father said me to be sure to write him word if I found it, which I have."

A TEXAS editor, in a dispute with his neighbor about the late election, offers to bet a thousand dollars on result. The neighbor declines this, but says he is quite willing to bet a thousand dollars that he himself is a greater curious kinds of a circulating medium in these parts.

"I have heard death the three greatest things," said a good man in his negro servant. "One is open," said the boy, "de oder is shut, and de third is to get in between de two." Been a-think on it, Sambo?

"For when you have your concert in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman. "Why, sir," replied the latter, "I never associate with my inferiors."

There are many things that are thorns to our hearts, which we have obtained at the cost of our peace, and to our heart when we have.

A merchant who has been advertises that his hair sit on surely upon the head that his wearers *exactly feel* as if it were their own hair was not to be.

"PRAY, sir, what makes you walk so *excedingly* slow?" "Oh, my boss, you see, is crooked, and I have to follow him."

A GOOD many persons quarrel about the existence of God, who never think of his existence. They begin at the wrong end of the question.

It is a pretty saying of an old writer, that man, without God, is a mere ape and an unhappy beast for society.

"Sir, I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay." "Which is for your father?" "Oh, no, it's for the horse—not for father."

"HUSBAND, I have the selfsame no bad that I can't get a dress." "Why, my dear, you have a dozen dresses." "I said that good soldiers are worse thrown away—as a necessary consequence, we find very few of them."

If a person complains of the town in which he lives, he is sure to find a town to suit him.

It is better to be the sheep of a poor and honest shepherd than the wolf of a prince and a robber.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, and virtue the star which are never be set down.

LOQUACIOUS mouths are like badly-managed farms, in which the weeds grow more than the corn.

We often pretend to fear what we really despise, and never often to despise what we really fear.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN named Wilson, a short time since, broke into the dwelling of A. M. Brooks, in Paris, Ky., and stole from a table about five or six dollars in silver and ten bowed him out of doors, and after beating him dreadfully with a cane, left him lying on the ground insensible, and very dark. Mrs. Brooksin, stirred at her husband's cries, ran and calls for aid, which a man coming along to his assistance, beat Wilson over the head until he was insensible. Wilson was then taken to prison, and on a fight being brought, Wilson was found dead, his head being literally beaten to a jelly. Brooksin was also a justice of the peace and acquitted, the homicide being considered justifiable.

A MAN living in Washington, Pa., recently lost his wife in the cars, and was much grieved at the event, but before 12 o'clock, A. M., got him married a second time, and was again on the cars proceeding homeward. The remains of the first wife, accompanied by the second, reached home.

A MACHINE for making paper from straw has been made by a London firm. It is said that it will turn out 2,000 sheets per minute, and is very simple. The secret is some peculiar combination of the principles of centrifugal motion and evaporation. Any machine which comprises is capital economies.

WILLIAM H. ASTOR, Esq., Real Estate recently made a donation of $20,000 to the town of Sandwich, Mass., as a partial compensation for damages done to the property owned by said town during his infancy, at which time his parents were paupers.

A LARGE shark was recently caught by the crew of a vessel off the coast of Africa. A band of 30 men, and on hauling him on deck and cutting him open, the body of a man was found in the stomach of the shark, which was entirely devoured.

There is a rumor going the rounds of the press to the effect that Mr. Webster is about to marry a young lady. We don't believe a word of it; but we do believe that if Mr. Webster is seriously inclined to get married he would pick a pocket or rob a hen-roost.

PREPARATIONS on a large scale, for paying out the Atlantic telegraph cable, have been tried recently, with the Niagara steamship and the Agamemnon steamship, and the steamer the cable will be recently laid across the Atlantic.

The Rev. Lorenzo Dow, in a late article, said that the time had come for the British government to say to the United States that they can forsake do as they please in the western side of the Atlantic.

A portion of a religious society in Indiana have set the community at variance by attempting to introduce the washing of feet as an ordinance in the church. If they feet need washing, why not wash them?

MR. KELLER, residing two miles south of Middlebury, Ind., a short time since died suddenly, a coroner's inquest, termed by her terror at a visited Mumbler thereon.

"IT IS I,—BE NOT AFRAID."

BY MRS. I. H. BRADBURY.

Friend, in every sun and cure,
Shower of our tissues prayer,
Which at dawn of morning gray
Fits the slumbers fast away,
All unvexed by language drear,
And before Thy hovered knees,
Friend Eternal, Friend Divine,
Be our constant praise Thine.

Ore this world's inopportune life,
In our gloom and our gain,
Through the surges wild and dark
Thundering down the lonely track,
Thy low compass wake in dread,
Let Thy voice be ever the spell,
Let Thy presence be our aid,
"It is I,—be not afraid."

When this city with slumbering start
Shall be hushed in the dark of its parts,
Until the quickening breath of God,
And become a lifeless clod,
Let Thy arm of strength be near,
Let Thy voice the comfort cheer,
Then the darkened valley's shade,
"It is I,—be not afraid."

Baltimore, June 12th, 1865.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LVIII.

LADY BOOTHROYD PLANS ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

It is now time that we return to two characters in our tale who, although they have not occupied a very prominent position, have, no doubt not, secured an inch in the recollection of our readers. We allude to William Thornton and Alice Boothroyd, who had not met since the day of the bonfire at Eton, doubtless to the great satisfaction of the managing mother, who had older and far more ambitious views for her daughter, views in which her husband, Sir Norman, fully shared.

William's career at the university had been a most honorable one, to the intense disgust of his old schoolfellow, Viscount Hinton, who, as a matter of course, cut his former protector at Cambridge. The prowess had carried off the honors of his year, stood for a fellowship, and, what was more to the purpose, had the good fortune to obtain it.

When we say the good fortune, we allude, of course, to the distinction. The wealth of his father rendered the income attached to it a matter of very secondary importance to William.

The gratification which his success gave amply repaid the young man for the years really hard labor—for reading is labor—which he had devoted to the achievement of his success. But still, something was wanting to crown his triumph, and to make him feel that it really was a success. We scarce need to say it was the smile of Alice.

Frequently, when seated in his room at college, poring over his mathematics by the midnight lamp, the figures would disappear, or become so confused that it was impossible longer to recognize them, or, in other words, the problem would change to a still more difficult one. The features of a fair young girl, which imagination had substituted in their place,

And now that the victory was won, his toil rewarded, it did even more than that—it made the smile. Right would have been his coveted recompense, should he wanting; but nothing is perfect in this world, not even a senior wrangler's triumph.

Lord Hinton had taken his degree as a matter of *right*; being the son of a peer, he was entitled to it—as *honorary* one.

Alice was no longer a child. In thought and feeling, ever more than in years, she was now a woman. Nature had been liberal, not only in the endowments of person, but in those mental gifts which add a charm to beauty, and lend a lasting grace that even personal ones have vanished. Lady Boothroyd—who, since the establishment of the family in London, had completely established her sway over the weak, vacillating mind of her husband—did not know what to make of her. She appeared to be without ambition—a quality which her mother could by no means comprehend. In her disappointment she pronounced her a most exasperating odd girl.

Thus who knew her best considered her a slightly thinking one.

To her father, whose weakness she saw and pitied, she the girl who manifested an admiration as a child should be; to her mother, repottist; but it was evident that the momentary triumph was far from poisoning that bold upon her affections which the tie of nature would seem to warrant.

One morning, when chatting with her ladyship upon the future prospects of their lovers, the butler entered the room with a card.

"For me?" inquired his mistress.

"For Sir Norman, my lady."

The man pronounced it to the baronet, was took it listlessly, and read the name, "Major Hawley, Punjaub House."

"Do you know him?" asked the gentleman, handing it to his wife. "I have not the slightest recollection of such a person."

"Nor I, on the reply.

"Not at home," said the master of the house. An order evidently struck Lady Boothroyd, that it was the name of the regiment in which her brother-in-law, the unfortunate Alfred, served, and with that restlessness which invariably accompanies the consciousness of guilty actions, she decided on seeing him.

"You had better receive him," she said; "I believe he is from India."

Her husband ordered at the word.

"At home," he added.

The butler quitted the room.

"What is it you suspect?" followed the baronet.

"That it is some friend of your brother Allan's," replied; "and there is much prospecting him that I wish to learn. Show no surprise," she her knowledge is by reading it may appear to you."

"I do not comprehend you."

"It is not necessary that you should," was the dry rejoinder; "I have. I therefore leave to explain my motives. You shall know them hereafter. I have opened you no unconfortable acquaintance by reading you a secret, which, after the visit of this man, I suspect will be no longer a secret."

"One word," she added, as she heard approaching steps in the antechamber; "not a word of Barry Gee."

The baronet felt uneasy at the name, for it brought painful and unpleasant recollections to his mind.

The next instant the visitor was announced.

Major Hawley proved to be a true specimen of the Indian officer, most of whom have to fight their way to rank and distinction. He was rather rough and soldierlike in his appearance, with great strowdness in his features, mingled with manliness and kindness.

"I have to apologize, Sir Norman," said the gentleman, "for what I fear must appear rather a singular visit; for my name, I doubt not, is that of a stranger to you."

The baronet bowed, and admitted that he certainly never had heard it before, then paused, evidently in expectation that the visitor would proceed.

"You perceive," continued the major, pointing to his card, which was still lying on the salver, "that I served in the Punjaub House."

The master of the house stiffly intimated that he was aware of that fact.

"In which your late brother served."

"Indeed," said the baronet, drily.

"We were friends, great friends," resumed the gentleman; "in fact, poor Allan had few scarce from me. I am aware that he had not the happiness of being on—what shall I say—happy terms with his family," her ladyship, in a sarcastic tone, "that we are honored by Major Hawley's visit?"

"A direct question," thought the soldier, applying her critically. "I can understand why poor Allan was an outcast from his home—his state-la-law did not like him."

Speaking aloud, he said, "Certainly not, Lady Boothroyd, for no doubt the death of my gallant friend buried all unkind feeling in the hearts of his surviving relatives."

"Of course it did!" exclaimed the baronet. "Although I had many reasons to complain of Allan in his lifetime, I forgave him when I heard of his death. His family acted as was proper on the occasion—the whole establishment went put in mourning."

"And a tablet recording his death erected in the chancel of St. Faith's Church!" added her ladyship.

MAJOR HAWLEY, "OF THE PUNJAUB HOUSE."

"He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone," meekly ejaculated the officer.

"We, of course, have nothing to reproach ourselves with," continued the artful woman; "neither do we wish to dwell upon the foibles, obstinacy, and errors which drove Allan from England; it would be painful."

"For me to hear," interrupted their visitor, who knew how heartlessly the outcast brother had been treated. "I will therefore spare you what I have no doubt would be equally painful—the task of repeating them. I am aware of everything; for so I said before, we were fast friends. I was present at his marriage."

"Marriage!" exclaimed Sir Norman, half starting from his chair, "and to whom—where—and what kind of such an event.

A look from his wife warned him to be cautious.

"You seem surprised."

"I—possibly—yes—"

"Major Hawley cannot wonder if the subject is rather a disagreeable one. Amongst military men I am aware a *mesalliance* is looked upon with indulgence; but we cannot forget what Allan owed to his family."

"And to his brother as the head of it," observed Sir Norman proudly.

"You seem to be laboring under a singular error," said the gentleman, respecting his wife of my friend. In point of family, the lady was every way unexceptionable—the sister of a distinguished officer, who quitted the service with the respect and regret of his brother officers."

"And may I inquire the name?" asked her ladyship.

"Is it possible you are not acquainted with it?"

"Were I, my question would be unnecessary."

"True, true," said the gentleman. "Pardon me the observation. The name of the lady was Lillian Mark. But I will at once proceed to the purport of my visit."

"It is high time."

"My wife accompanied me to England."

Sir Norman mentally wondered how Mrs. Major Hawley's visit to England could possibly interest him.

"She is naturally anxious to see her god-daughter."

"He must be mad," thought the baronet, who began to feel rather alarmed.

Not so her ladyship—she perfectly understood him.

"Perhaps," said the gentleman, "you will permit Miss Boothroyd to visit us."

"Are we playing at a game of cross purposes, major?" demanded Sir Norman, somewhat fiercely.

"Pardon. You send up your card, avow yourself a perfect stranger, and coolly ask whether I will permit my daughter to visit you. What am I to understand from this?"

"You are in error, Sir Norman; I spoke of your niece, Lillian Boothroyd, the daughter of my deceased friend, Allan."

The surprise of the uncle was too genuine, and that of her ladyship too well acted, to permit their visitor to doubt for an instant the assurance that it was the first time they had ever heard either of Allan's marriage, or of his having left a daughter.

"What!" exclaimed the major, "did not his old servant, Barny Gee, bring her to England to you?"

"Certainly not," replied both husband and wife.

"Did he not arrive himself?"

This was a direct question, and a vulgar criminal would have boldly denied it, but Lady Boothroyd, with the tactics of superior iniquity, met the query boldly.

"He did arrive at St. Faith's, but was shot an hour after his arrival in a poaching affray, at Mr. Brown Park. It was a shocking affair," she added, "altogether, one of Sir Norman's keepers was murdered that same night."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated the major. "And did he come alone?"

"I believe he brought a child with him."

"The child, Lady Boothroyd, was your niece."

"It is possible."

"My niece!" faltered the baronet.

"Yes. Have you never seen her?"

"Never," replied the affectionate uncle.

"Or heard of her claim upon you?"

"How can you suppose such a dreadful thing?" exclaimed Lady Boothroyd. "Although justly offended with Allan, neither my husband nor myself would have permitted his daughter to remain a dependent on the brother of the Barny Gee you spoke of. I saw the child once and offered to place her in my school at St. Faith's, little dreaming that it was the child of Allan."

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"The stake was a great one," replied his wife.

"Think you I would see the fruit of so many years' toil and management crumbled from my lap? No; I acted even before I had penetrated Allan's base designs. I wrote to Barny Gee, and, when we met last, suspected it from the extraordinary likeness. He imparted his suspicions to me, and now you know all. We may defy detection."

CHAPTER LIX.

ANDREW SILEX'S FEELINGS ARE HURT.

There are many crimes frequently committed in the world, which, either either current or with a touch, but, in neither case, is it to be supposed that the perpetrators themselves are conscious of guilt. When human justice fails to strike the blow, the court of Providence supplies its place; and reaches the criminal through the workings of his conscience, the disappointment of the hopes which he himself, or the indifference which follows the realization of them; proving how worthless a thing he has paid the price of self-respect, unscrupled sleep, and the world's opinion to attain.

Although Andrew Silex had, as we have seen, succeeded in stifling himself both of his brother and nephew—for no better reason than that the one was troublesome, and the second likely to become so—he was far from feeling himself at repossed upon him, he began to count his years, and the probability of living to enjoy the promised recompense, for which he had plunged into crime, and violated the tie of nature. The offer of Lady Gee gave him the deepest concern; the threat of the next day frequently rang in his ears—that he should live to return and thank him.

He frequently heard it in the lone hour of the night, when his head pressed no snowy pillow. At the old oak parlor where he loved to sit and count his gains, a voice would sometimes cry, "Beware!"

Decidedly, Andrew Silex was not a happy man: he knew it, and, in consequence of his secret servitude, that even success began to be indifferent to him.

A few days after the interview described in the preceding chapter, just as he was about to quit the office, Farm on his weekly visit to Dorrien, a clerks and pair drove up to the door, and a gentleman and lady alighted.

The old man felt surprised, for he received few visitors.

"Can we see the steward of Sir Norman Heathroyd?" demanded Major Hawley, for it was no other than the friends of poor Allan.

"I am Mr. Silex," answered Andrew.

The inquirer placed a letter in his hand.

Whilst he is reading it, we will describe the personal visitors.

The major was a tall, military-looking man, of about five and forty years of age. Long years of service under an Indian sun had bronzed his features to a hue which imparted additional strength to their naturally stern expression. There was great decision both in his eyes and lips; the former were piercing and glowing, the latter thin, and closely compressed.

Mrs. Major Hawley was a very little woman, with a wasp-like figure, and a countenance so full of life and animation, that it was only by a great stretch of the imagination that she could be called plain—a gloss she ever indulged in sleep. Her eyes (a woman's observer may generally be trusted in her eyes were small, but as black and piercing that at times their glance became positively painful, and would have been embarrassing but for the strong expression of benevolence and good nature which every one might read in them.—Sad is to say, when the feelings of their owner were not excited by scorn, indignation, or suspicion of a mischievous plan, as we before observed, their glance became really fascinating and uncomprehensible.

Whilst Andrew Silex was reading the letter of introduction, we scarcely need say, from the ladyship dictated, the aforesaid eyes were fixed upon him with a very peculiar expression.

The lady was examining him up, and the result did not appear to be very favorable.

A willing creature as our privilege as an author, we shall read the letter at the same time as the steward.

It ran thus:—

"Mr. Silex,—The bearer of this Major Hawley, a friend of my deceased brother, Allan Boothroyd, late of the Punjaub House, has very much surprised me by informing me that my poor brother was married in India.

The old man had got thus far when he cast a

dissatisfied glance under his spectacles at the bearer of the missive.

"A witness," he mentally ejaculated.

"The gentleman further states that the child which the unfortunate man, Barny Gee, brought to St. Faith's with him, and which my lady believes me his brother, Simon Gee, and Hester, his wife, took charge of, is my niece."

"He must be mad," mentally ejaculated the steward, "to write that."

"Unfortunately he has no proofs of this."

The reader breathed more freely.

"I am, and I assist him by every means in your power to discover whether Barny Gee left any papers in the cottage of his family, or any other person. Should legal assistance be necessary, send for my lawyer, Marshall, from Exeter. Although it will prove an expense to provide for, and establish my niece, in the event of her proving to be such—for Allan died, as he lived, exceedingly poor—still Lady Boothroyd and myself are both anxious and willing to do our duty.

"As thereafter appears a very excellent person, although a little irregular in his manners, you will pay him every attention; and, the ball being ick, offer him the hospitality of the Home Farm.

"Well," said the gentleman, in a tone of impatience, as the reader, after twice perusing the letter, bibbed, it carefully, and placed it in his tongs, back leather pocket-book, "what do you say?"

"That I don't believe a word of it," replied Andrew. "The girl was no more Allan Boothroyd's daughter, than she was mine."

"How do you know?"

"Because my brother, his wife, both acknowledged and adopted her as their niece; and they are poor."

"Well."

"Would they have done so without proof?"

"That remains to be seen," observed Mrs. Major Hawley, for the first time breaking silence; "I can set the child at rest in a few minutes. Take me to their cottage, show me the girl. I was present at her birth. She is my Lillian's age, and is made under her right ear—a ruby spot no larger than the blossom of a pepsil flower."

"Well, that is singular," said the steward; "and unfortunate at the same time, for that would have decided the question."

"What is unfortunate?" demanded the major.

"That a child should have been stolen after the cottage of Barny and his wife, by gipsies; it is supposed, only a few weeks after its birth."

"Stolen!" repeated Mrs. Hawley.

"And has never since been heard of."

"I believe it was heard of in?" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of disappointment. "If Lillian Boothroyd is stolen, she has not been by gipsies."

"By whom, then?" said Mr. Silex, with provoking coolness.

"Those who had an interest in making away with her."

"And who might they be? I know of no such persons. The child was the unfortunate fruit of an ill, deliberately," would have been dependent on the charity of her uncle and aunt; and persons of the class referred to generally found it convenient to crime to get rid of relations who are beggars. Have you not some instances?"

"Pshh," pronounced the lady.

"Pooh," echoed her husband.

"Bodds," she continued, "I am far from being convinced that the daughter of Allan Boothroyd have been so poor as you describe. His brother has no mark to show?"

"But he has a daughter," observed the steward.

"The same age?"

"They go with the title."

"That would depend upon the will of the late baronet."

At the home-thrust Mr. Silex felt that it would be advisable to change the topic. Evidently the speaker was not a person to be put off lightly. He did not half like the steward's manner whilst addressing him, and still less the glance of her ladyship's eye.

"All this, madame," he said, "is no concern of mine. I have only to carry out the instructions of Sir Norman, which are to afford you every assistance in your inquiries, and offer you the hospitality of the Home Farm."

"Assistance!" repeated the lady, disdainfully, "that I could get from any man upon a fool's errand!"

"I was not my master's fault."

"How do you make that out?"

"By the letter," said the steward, that there was such a person as the child of Barny Gee—for so I must still call her—in the place, for he was ill when he left."

"But his wife knew it," replied the major.

"The latter has always been very much used to her own school, but Simon and Hester refused to part with the child, and, as I said before, they had good reasons for knowing the truth of her being Barny Gee's own."

"And you believe Lady Boothroyd never heard of Lillian's being stolen?"

"I feel certain that she never did," answered the man. "I never thought it worth while to mention the matter to my lady, as Simon and she also her correspondents at St. Faith's."

"Correspondents!" repeated the visitors.

"Supposing that the girl is not their niece."

"And supposing that she is?"

"Why then it would be a widely different affair," answered the steward, "for they would be entitled to the charge of her, and perhaps that would provide for her. They could not, for the sake of the child, suffer her to live upon the charity of a poor weaver, and what is more, they would not, I think, have as there was between the two brothers."

"I can believe in your master's pride," observed Mrs. Major Hawley, with a curl of the nostril of bitterness, for the recollected the story poor Allan had frequently related to her of his unnatural treatment of him.

"It has not its generality," observed the steward.

"No."

It was no wonder that, with this opinion, neither Andrew Silex nor wife entertained to accept the hospitality of the Home Farm, which Mr. Silex was not very anxious to press upon them. He had a natural dislike to visitors, and only offered it in compliance with the wish of his employer and master.

But, instead of becoming his guests, the worthy couple directed the postboys to drive to the village inn, to the "King's Arms" where they ordered beds for themselves on a few days, and almost immediately after their arrival sent for Simon Gee and his wife Hester to visit them.

"I wish Marshall were here," muttered the steward, as he saw their guests. "They are likely to prove troublesome customers, and it will require a lawyer to deal with them. I must send off one of the men with a note to him, and give up my own journey to Tiverton; it won't do for me to be out of the way whilst they remain."

With this intention he returned to the house, and sent himself in his sanctum to write the

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note proposed. Just as he was about to seal it, there was a gentle tap at the door of the room.

"Come in," cried the old man, impatiently.

The housekeeper made her appearance.

"Well, what is it?" demanded her master, in no very amiable mood; for when out of temper, even Margaret felt it.

"You are willing to Marshall?" she replied.

"I have written to him."

"Unkindly."

"How do you know?"

"Because he has just alighted at the door."

Andrew Allen started from his chair at the intelligence, and after looking carefully round, to see that no private papers were lying about—for he knew the paying disposition of the lawyer, directed the woman to show him into the oak parlor, saying that he would see him there.

The woman looked surprised; it was the first time, since she had resided at the farm, she had ever known Andrew Allen to receive any one in that particular room.

In a few minutes Mr. Marshall made his appearance. He was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, about fifty years of age, with an air of well-to-do-ness in the world which a more casual observer might very naturally mistake for real respectability. After the usual compliments had passed between them, the new-comer took a seat, for he felt tired with his ride.

"You were about to send for me," he observed.

"How did you know that?" demanded the master of the Home Farm, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Your housekeeper told me so."

"She had better have minded her own business," was the emphatic rejoinder: "I don't like my affairs to interfere with mine. But I was about to send for you."

"And may I ask the reason?—to make your self, perhaps. You are right, my dear sir, quite right. No one can tell what may happen; not that I wish to alarm you, but you are not looking so well—that is to say, quite so well as your friends—and I consider myself in the list of those would wish."

"My will has been made already," answered the owner of the Home Farm, eyeing him suspiciously; "your housekeeper told me so."

"She had better have minded her own business," was the emphatic rejoinder: "I don't like my affairs to interfere with mine. But I was about to send for you."

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"My will has been made already," answered the owner of the Home Farm, eyeing him suspiciously; "your housekeeper told me so."

"No doubt it is greatly exaggerated by them," observed his visitor.

"I should think it was."

"But still considerable, my dear sir, very considerable; for you have always been a careful man."

"Well, there is no crime in that."

"Decidedly not," replied the lawyer; "but since I cannot be useful to you in the making of your will, perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me on what point I can offer my advice?"

"It's on Sir Norman's account."

"Indeed! he generally transacts his own business himself," observed the lawyer, somewhat surprised at the circumstance of his wealthy client thus going through another channel than the original one.

"And now you must be anxious to receive them through me," observed the old man, with a broad grin, which disfigured his dark-like cloth; "not that the affair is very important."

"You must know me to judge of that. The law, my dear sir, beautiful and simple as it is in principle, has certain complexities and difficulties in practice with which none but an experienced can cope cunningly. I have known many a man's property placed in jeopardy from the legal advice he has considered, and what perhaps at first was a mere trifle."

"But Sir Norman's property," answered Andrew Allen, who loved to play with the importance of the speaker, "is not in jeopardy."

"Difficult to say, very."

The old man handed him the letter. Mr. Marshall read it carefully over, and then perused it again: but the second time it was made only a prelude of reading it, for his keen, forret-eyed, instead of resting on the page, glanced over his spectacles, and scrutinized the countenance of the steward: not that he could read much there; his features were quite as impassible as his own.

"I wish I could read all that is passing in the brain of that old diamond," thought the man of law. "It would offer as a clue to a mystery I have long sought; but it's no use trying to pump him: he is as impenetrable as the granite and precipices on a fire."

The gentleman came to this conclusion after long experience. He had frequently made the attempt to pump the occupant of the Home Farm, and failed.

"What is to be done in this affair?" he asked.

"I thought you were to advise me," replied Andrew.

"Hem! Certainly—yes, but to advise, I must be in possession of all the particulars of the case."

"Haven't you read them?"

"*I have read the letter*" was the reply of the man of law: "but you, no doubt, have private instructions for me?"

"Not one."

"That is singular."

"No, it is not," said the steward, with a broad grin, "and for the simple reason that there is no mystery to conceal, and consequently no instructions to give. If the child in question can prove the daughter of Allan Boodroyd, we are quite ready to recognize her."

"*If*" repeated the lawyer, with a marked accent on the plural pronoun.

"When *I* say *I*, I mean the Squire and his lady."

"Exactly so!"

Andrew took up the country paper and pretended to read it; he was fearful of being cross-examined by his visitor.

"And where is this girl?" inquired Mr. Marshall.

"How can I tell?"

"That is singular."

"Not in the least, seeing that the gipsies stole her a few days after her arrival at Mrs. Falsh's, from the cottage of Simon Gee, the weaver."

"Gipsies stole her!" repeated Marshall, emphatically.

"I told you so."

"And upon what proof do you assert that they were gipsies?"

"Common report."

"Is seldom correct," observed the lawyer, drily.

"Perhaps not," replied the old man, impatiently: "but I question if it is more liable to err than that restless, meddling suspicion which discovers a mystery in a mouse trap—crime in the simplest actions of life. I begin to tire of this. Why don't you speak out plainly, instead of beating about the bushes, and ask me at once whether so [illegible] plural adverbially this time] have anything to fear from the inquiries of this Major Hawley and the prying curiosity of his wife, who appears ten times more curious than her husband."

Steward—

"You think I am not prepared to answer it?"

Lawyer—

"Well, then, I am prepared. We have nothing either to conceal or fear: but we have the probability of an imposition to guard against, and that is why I was about to send for you. If you find the proofs of the girl's identity sufficiently clear, we are prepared at once to acknowledge her, that is, when she is found."

"Hem!" said the lawyer, clearing his throat by a gentlemanly cough. "At last I clearly understand yours and Sir Norman's wishes."

"It took a deuced long time to make you comprehend them," growled he angry Mr. Elliot; "but it's like you lawyers: if you perceive a note-bill at a distance, you are sure to magnify it into a monster."

"Sometimes, Mr. Steward, sometimes," replied Marshall, good-humouredly. "Don't be too hard upon the profession. It has done you some service, especially in the affair of the exhibit."

"What's that?" inquired the old man, hurling angrily.

"The affair of the exhibit."

"Why you don't mean that he has——"

"Certainly not, and recovery; and consequently cut off the entails upon Hebburn Park and the adjoining estates," added he, aside, "were you not well aware of the circumstance?"

Mr. Elliot was not aware of it.

"Then you have been deceived," said Marshall, "Sir Norman recommended secrecy; but how could I suppose for a moment that the secrets were kept from the agent to you?"

Lawyer, indeed!" muttered the steward, bitterly. "You will not hurry me?"

"Why should I?" replied the contrast of the Home Farm, who supposed his feelings of resentment and mortification by a violent effort. "What can it matter whether I go to-day or to-morrow? Sir Norman is not of the cold of my old master's estate. I am not in a hurry. I am willing to wait for any future explication or present—certainly not. No hurry, I assure you. Will you have a glass of my barley?"

"I do think," repeated the lawyer. "Rather a remarkable person, Lady Boodroyd; in fact, I might say, very remarkable."

"Very."

"Do you not know that I once formed a very different opinion of her character? that I once thought her conduct without an opinion, energy, or will of her own? I was deceived, completely so."

"Greatly," groaned Andrew Allen.

"She has been changed."

"She is an ungrateful, unscrupulous woman," exclaimed the steward, bitterly; "and has deserved to deprive me of the confidence of her husband. But she will fail, as others have failed before. I tell you, Marshall, I will not be the disregarded, ing process you have described, is verbiage, absolutely superfluous; what I complain of is, that I am to be an underground hannel. This, however, we will discuss at a future time. Sir Norman and his lady are not aware of the existence of the child, and consequently have no interest in the matter. I am the only person who can be benefited by the discovery, and I will have to go through the entire proceedings again."

"Not if I can help it."

"Because my consent is first necessary, and will not be given."

"Then you refuse to recognize our person?"

"Not at present. I will wait for further proofs."

"I imagined so much."

"Let us go into the village," added Mr. Bliss. "Do your best in this affair, sir, the evidence to the contrary, and that done, we will speak further—perhaps on the affair of the exhibit."

"As you please, my dear sir, as you please," answered Marshall, and slight as it is in principle, has certain complexities and difficulties in practice with none but an experienced can cope cunningly. I have known many a man's property placed in jeopardy from the legal advice he has considered, and what perhaps at first was a mere trifle."

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GOOD ADVICE.

Eat only what is proper food,
Drink only that which does you good,
Spend only what you can afford,
Wear only what will be respected.
Then you will have no cause to say,
I was a fool on yesterday.

ADVENTURE OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY EMERSON BENNETT

Doctor Leffler—for so I choose to call him—was, in his early days, a surgeon in the French army, under Napoleon the First. After the fall of the great lover of Josephine, Murat, the Italian Farnese

TO MARY MEEF.

BY G. A. MOORE.

My Mary, many thoughtful years,
With all their crashes and all their tears,
With all their hopes and joys have rent,
Like dreams, since I beheld thee last.
And yet, though time has dimmed the past,
And thy light footfall yields to rest;
The eyes whose brightness won your grade,
Have quenched in floods of tears their rays;
And on the temples, once so fair,
Statue many a thread of silver hair;
And the young limbs that could not go
Without the motion staid or slow,
Now bear me wearied, sad and sage,
Yet, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
Mary, your childhood's loving name
Hath proved a strangely varied tale;
Hath wrestled oft with trusting woe,
And hungry want, and cold despair;
But by God's grace her very sight had
Hath earned her place and power to stand,
Companion of the high and noble,
Acknowledged as a child of song.
Mary, my Mary, I have not forgot
By whom and though were true and kind;
Been sought, and fostered, and caressed,
As dearest friend, and welcomed guest,
By whom were sent to us a name
Standing from the high hill to the lane;
But weary, poor, and desolate,
Thy hand has rich and gentle,
Mary, but those was never wrong,
Thy heart was ever true to me.
I never think of you, beloved,
But other memories are moved,
Are my hopes and my shadows rise,
And hear but being wake the while,
And through the years I hand again
To sit with Mary, at her side,
And dream that time and I have years
Are allowed, as we were of yore.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY CORA BELL.

It was the year 1780, in Paris—the dorus struggle between favorable pride and the agony and degradation of a people stung to madness by renewed cruelty, injustice, and that mortal misery which eat into the very vitals of the people. It was at this high-blood flowed in torrents, and to pull down Tyranny, and erect pure and holy Liberty upon their ruins, denial, then became demons. Every law, human or divine, was scoffed at and derided; every child, gallon, social or moral, trampled down and extinguished. The groans and cries of a people in mortal anguish seemed to have appealed in vain to God and humanity. Poor fanaticism and poor fury were rampant, and the people refused to worship the same Deity that their persecutors had so often bowed the knee in idle mockery before, and where the excesses of an army after a hard-won victory; the drunkenness of a good-natured one, were outrages of long suffering nature re-assuming her unjured rights.

In one of the obscure by-streets that lead from the magnificent Rue St. Honore, at a somewhat elevating a woman dressed in the long black mantle, close-shaped bonnet, and coarse shoes of the Sisters of Charity, was walking rapidly along. With downcast eyes, and scarcely noticing any object around her, she glided quietly on, yet unobservant, although the dense column moons that thronged the street, attracting from his observation, and these people's pleasure woman, whose lives of poverty, suffering, and sublime devotion were written on their pale, emaciated faces, were almost the only class of religious who were tolerated in the year one and two of the Republic. To wipe the dew of agony from the brow of suffering humanity, to bind up the self-inflicted wounds, to encounter the diseases of hospitals and prisons in their most ghastly and appalling forms, to serve, to die on the cold ground or damp straw, to have no certain dwelling place, was a service and privilege sufficient to overcome, and not even the direst enemy of religion seemed inclined to lift any more upon them.

The sun walked on until she reached the top of the street. She stopped for a moment, raised her veil, and glanced fearlessly around. At this moment a stout country girl, carrying a basket of flowers and vegetables, issued from a small, meanlooking house on the opposite side of the street. Both parties glanced hastily at each other, and though the sun walked on without stopping, a close observer might have detected that the girl had made some peculiar, cabalistic sign with the fingers of her left hand which had been returned by the Sister of Charity in the same manner.

Sometime elapsed, at other times in advance of the flower girl, the Sister of Charity moved on through several streets. They stopped before a large, handsomely-built mansion, the rear of which faced the narrow street they were in, and the country girl incidentally entered a gate at the first time addressed her companion. They turned into a lane formed by the high brick walls that enclosed the garden of the house, and that of the opposite mansion, separating them from each other, though the tall poplars that had shot over the walls still mingled their branches in friendly companionship. Though half hidden by the graceful foliage of the trees that surrounded it, the outside of the mansion was strikingly gloomy and forbidding. But more so than was usual in Paris at the time, the greater number of barbicans and windows being built in ruins, or had been appropriated for dwellings by the most unfeeling and filthy of the rabble. The crowd was broken in several places, the walls bestirred with mud, and fragments of rich wood curtains still adhered to the sunken windows, and waving mournfully in the evening breeze, seemed to indicate that the wealthy inhabitants had departed.

The two women passed up nearly to the top of the lane and stopped by the side of a large ornamental building, which seemed as if it, too, was deserted, the whole being locked and chained, and for several places, as if an attempt had been made to set fire to it. The lane was filled with old rubbish, and bulkhead the remains of garden-clearing, for which purpose it seemed intended, for a flight of steps here and there, on either side, led down into flower gains or wickets in the wall. Descending a flight of these steps on the right hand side of the lane, and west, the country girl applied a key to the small door, which was built in low in the wall, and that the top of it was scarcely visible from the lane, and admitted herself and companion, cautiously securing the gate after them.

The sun flitched a deep, suppressed breath, as they found themselves standing in the deserted walks of a long deserted garden, or rather series of grounds, for they skirted the mansion on every side, then formed a square of parterres in front. She would have seated herself on the remnant of a broken bench, beneath one of the trees, but her companion said firmly, but respectfully—

"Not there, madame; we can be seen from the back windows in the opposite street."

They moved on, now and then, pausing to push aside the overgrown branches of oleander and laurel which still flourished amid the general decay. The sun now and then cast a melancholy glance around her, as if memory recognized the scene, and had conjured other and happier days spent in that departed garden. The girl opened a small gate near the house, and they descended a steep flight of steps that led into a large, paved court-yard, edged overhead, and from the numerous grand cellar windows that looked high up upon it, and were of covered yard, used for washing, keeping wood, and other purposes of housekeeping. The girl put down the heavy basket which she had all along held on her arm, and the sun and she seated themselves on the lower step.

The sister took up a bunch of brilliant roses, and inhaling the perfume, she said, in a low, musical voice—

"Are there for your Vernet, Marie? How is she now?"

"Better, madame, but the same old cry still. 'More roses for my wife.' He fancies she is alive yet, and he comes and finds them placed on her bed every day. He is happy as long as they remain fresh, but when they begin to wither he calls out again, 'More roses for my wife!'"

The sun sighed.

"I am tired, Marie," said she. "I hope we will not have long to wait." She smiled, as she spoke, the heavy sorrow that had settled around her countenance still so lovely, that it was easy to discern how great must have been the charms of its possessor in happier days. The ripened lip, the rounded cheek, the blooming complexion, the dark, soft eyes, were all there, and very young. Dark, raven hair was braided on her pale, classic forehead; a pure and delicate outline of feature, a person smooth roundness of form, and a style of the liquid blue, in whose shadowy depths love and tenderness seemed to dwell; but there was now a well, settled expression of pain and sadness that filled her cheek, that denoted a heart ill at ease.

"I know you are tired," said the flower girl, whose features, though presenting nearly the ordinary characteristics of a French peasant, the quick, dark eye, brown skin, and mobile, piquant physiognomy, were remarkable for an air of refinement and thought not usually seen in persons of her class; "but it will soon be here. He said no one that was to be here to-day."

"But, Marie, can we depend upon this brother of yours for help? He belongs not to us, and yet he has offered nobly to aid us at the peril of his own life."

"Yes, madame," said the girl, quietly.

"But can we depend upon him?" she said, blushing—"Oh who is false to God and his king, what pledge can he offer for his fidelity?"

"The Girondins have many such as Paul, who have yet been faithful, Marie," said the girl, proudly. "It is true he is as advocate for liberty—liberty for man—but he is also true to his God and his king, for it is a man's labor should be paid for—that the rich should not enjoy all—the poor nothing."

"You speak strangely, girl, for one who has been reared in the midst of the lies of the old, devices whose natural gentleness was slightly tinged with impatience at the expression of opinions perhaps somewhat at variance with her own.

"I am a member of a society which has for its object the elevation of woman, and the rights of the people, and I have been true to the vows I have taken. The girl, with a dignity of manner and manner little in accordance with the previously familiar one, spoke.

"The sun ground the girl's hand.

"Forgive me, Marie," she murmured. "I know all the good you have effected, but my brain is warped with misery; for months I have lived in and a dry crust and a draught of water was all I could procure for myself. But why do I talk? We should I murmur?" continued she, and a flash of enthusiasm lit up her noble countenance, "if I am permitted to be an honored instrument in my brother, girl—oh! will he do as he said, and let him meet and wait us?"

"My brother's heart is with you," said the girl, gently, "and he will do whatever you wish. He loves you, and would die for you."

There was a quick sparkle of those deep, earnest eyes, and a warm, breathing glow suddenly suffused the cheek of the girl, as she spoke of the ardent love. She drew up her tall, stately form to its full height, and in her proud attempt to restrain the eager, impatient words that were springing to her lips. The girl had noted all these signs, for with the acute observation of one who had much in her power, she had kept her eyes fixedly upon her face, as if to read every thought that words produced pleasure or disappointment to him.

"Marie," said the sun, "I will not ask you to refuse for that which you have done for me, and would the sun or the bright stars—from childhood you have shared with me."

"No!" said the lady, starting. "I know him not." And this time a flush of woman's vanity mounted to her cheek. "I will not see him."

"I will recall him to your memory," said the flower girl. "He bade baby, your foster sister, to the scene of your early youth—a proud palace upon the river's bank, with a high wall, and a bright with the rich verdure of summer, purple clusters of the grape, and the fig, and the air of the merry vintage song a ringing in the fields. It is your brother, Marie, beautiful as you are, girl, you have come from a convent to preside over your brother's home. Among the crowd of admirers that crowded the lovely lady-bird's a poor youth, but a few years older, your brother's foster-brother, the lowly child of a poor peasant, yet kindly treated. The young lord and he have been playmates and friends, and together they shared the same studies and mingled in the same sports. Then, however, the lady had eyes for no eyes to the radiant being whom he said he had seen and thought of in his dreams, long before he had ever seen her. It never entered his mind to aspire to her hand, and

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WHAT A FALLEN TREE SAID TO ME.

BY ALICE CARY.

They set me up, and hale me stand
Beside a ditch, dark, wet,
In the hedgerow, low lying land,
Of this unhealthy.

I clipped my waist round the stony sod
Like rings on the hand of a bride,
And my boughs took hold of the summer's cradle
And grew out green and wide.

Comfort, and shelter, and shade for all
I was broadest of trees;
But the cattle nibbled their mouthed bites
Against my knotty knees;

And lambs, in white wool on the grass
Lay down within my shade,
So I knew, all honesty as I was,
For a good one I was made.

And my evenness served me well—
My heart grew strong and sweet,
And my shaggy bark cracked off and fell
In layers as my feet.

I felt when the darkest storm was on
The lightning in my veins,
And I drank the rain and the dew as one
Ho life of my manhood had.

At last a weakness came one day
With sun in a shrinking grain,
And I leaned at my best all I could a way,
And I leaned for the worst.

I knew instead and was sure
Of the thing I had to do,
And I felt without a single groan,
With my great force to the end.

Now all men pity me, and trust,
Who see me fallen so,
And the lower that climbers are on me
The higher they think to go.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Suppose I tell you one of my adventures?" said a venerable French gentleman, by the name of De Lisle, who turned out of a quiet residence in the splendid suburb of a western theatre, as we sat willing away our time by waiting for dinner.

To this proposition there was a general and cordial assent; and instantly we became all attention to the aged narrator, who, smoothing back his silvery hair, then proceeded:

"During that terrible epoch in French history, when a kind of demoniac insanity seemed to have seized upon the whole nation, and the guillotine was monster—Marat, Danton, and Robespierre—were denouncing every fair name, almost, in the register of Paris, and sending the blood-reeking tumbrils, loaded with hundreds and thousands of the best men and women of France to the guillotine; and the equally infamous, if not more blood-thirsty, Jean Baptiste Carrier, was sent from Nantes simply pronouncing the same bloody sets in Nantes; at that time, I say, I was a young man, and a citizen of opulence in the latter city, stopping at the house of a friend.

"One day, being mysteriously informed that my name had been mentioned before the Revolutionary Tribunal—and knowing too well that that was equivalent to a condemnation to death in the most horrid form—I resolved upon an immediate escape. Anticipating something of this nature—for my family, one of the oldest, had ever been staunch adherents of the reigning house—I had brought with me the disguise of a peasant, and, carefully putting this on—a circumstance which, in my natural hair—and adding spectacles and face with dirt, I quietly sallied forth, and took my way to the banks of the Loire, believing that it would be just as well to head the line in his direction to attempt escape in any other manner.

"On reaching the river, however, a most horrid spectacle met my view. Not less than three hundred defenceless men, women, and children were being driven, like animals to slaughter, before an armed guard of monsters, to the brink of the stream; where, without regard to their strides and piteous appeals for mercy, they were indiscriminately massacred—being shot down, sabred, or forced into the water—where all who escaped death at once were drowned, clinging together in masses.

"Sickened by the sight, and knowing that the same, or a worse, fate would be mine if discovered, I immediately hurried forward, but cautiously appeared to be composed and indifferent, for the slightest expression of sympathy was a capital of force against the sad Republic. I had not gone far when two soldiers, hideously stained with the blood of the dying, arrested my steps, and asked me where I was from. I replied, naming an obscure village, and insisting as well as I could the pass of the country. They did not seem to be altogether satisfied, and I believe their intention was to arrest me; but fortunately at that moment their attention was called in another direction, to another cruel exercise of power, and they hastily left me.

"I walked quietly on, through one street after another, intending to quit the town at the earliest opportunity; but just as I reached the suburbs, I saw a wild, disorderly procession of citizens and soldiers coming up the street, and driving before them another lot of victims; and fearing I should be compelled to join them, and so prolong the chance of peril, I took almost for some means of escape.

"Fortunately I espied a narrow, dilapidated, dirt standing in a doorway, to which she had been attracted by the noise in the street, and prompted by the impulse of the moment, I at once made my way to her, and in a polite and deferential tone, said:

"'Mademoiselle, is you not attracted to play?'

"She looked surprised, somewhat alarmed, and muttered how best, as if to herself:

"'For God's sake, Mademoiselle, do not shut me out!' I said, in a quick, earnest tone. 'Pray 've me shelter! I fear I am pursued, and my life is'

"'Who are you?' she inquired, in a timid, but, still keeping the door nearly closed, ready to drown back and I could see white, dimpled hand.

"'I am an unfortunate,' I replied; 'and if you help me, you 'ompassion—and all that in the name of the saints.' My appeal was successful.

"'Enter,' she said; and, as I hastily did so, she closed and locked the door. 'Now tell me,' she pursued, 'what this means? You are not what you seem?'

"I will trust you, Mademoiselle,' returned I; 'though, Heaven knows, there are in France to be trusted now!'

"More, perhaps, than you think, Mons.,' she replied, as she led the way forward an inner, spacious.

"'One word!' said I, seizing her hand and wresting her steps; 'I know by your sweet face I can trust you; but, in the name of all things holy, conceal me from your friends!'

"'There is at present no one in the house but myself,' she answered. 'I reside here with my uncle, who is the sexton of the church of Saint Cecile, close at hand. He is now away. I know not, however, what moment he may return.'

"I then hurriedly gave her my name, and informed her that I was a resident of Vanloo, who had come to the city on business; and having heard that my name had been mentioned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, I had disguised myself, as she could see, and was attempting to escape; but feared I should not succeed, unless she would give me her assistance.

"'I will do the best I can for you,' she replied; 'but should my uncle discover that you are here, I fear he would give you up to the authorities, and I might myself fall a victim to my hospitality.'

"'Nay,' said

I. 'If you think that, let me go forth at once, for I would not for the world endanger you.'

"'Marie Soubis—for such

I subsequently learned was her name, and she had also been left an orphan, by the present uncle—was one of those rare beauties so difficult to describe. She was some eighteen years of age, of light, delicate form, dark, auburn curls, rather Grecian features, and an expression sweet, modest, and intelligent.

"She had evidently looked curiously upon me, and, from my appearance, my language, and sympathetically into my face; and then she had decided upon my fate. She led me into a small state, into a kind of wine-cellar, within which was a small empty chest. Opening this, she inquired if I thought myself safe therein until such time as she could arrange for my escape, which would probably be on the following evening?

"'Anywhere,' said I; 'and may God bless you for your kindness!'

"Taking her hand, I was about to press it to my lips, when, with a flash of gratitude, when we were both suddenly startled by a heavy knocking at the door above.

"'It is old Dod!' she exclaimed; 'I fear we are lost! Quick! enter! and keep perfectly quiet!'

"I obeyed her, and she closed and locked the door.

"Shortly after I heard a sound of confused voices, and a heavy trampling overhead; and the noise of many persons entering the house, and as I afterted my nerves, that I trembled from head to foot. My fate seemed inevitably, and unavoidably near. I kept still, however, and listened, with the voice of the sexton distinguished by its gruffness. The voices and trampling sounds continued for some time longer, and then I heard heavy steps descending the stairs.

"'Now,' thought I, 'my time is surely come!'

"Such I believed, gentle reader, which I indistinctly recognised as that of the brute girl, in exchange for some two or three others, one of whom was her relative.

"'Go back—go back, gentlemen!' she said. 'Why need you trouble yourselves? I will open the wine—it will give me pleasure to wait upon you.'

"'You are a beauty!' returned one, in a half drunken tone; 'and I don't know what is behind it; but I always like to lay the cash myself—I fancy it tastes better in that manner. Here, my girl!'

"'That's my notion, exactly,' said another.

"'Nay, I insist,' said the first, 'and which I as zealous to serve us!' I hope you have no love concealed here?'

"With that they all set up a hearty laugh, Marie apparently joining in the merriment.

"'No, no,' she answered; 'I think you must have been to some wine-cask before to-day, or you would not ask me that question. Here, taste and pass thou good gentlemen.'

"'Very good, indeed!' returned one of the others, in a familiar tone, apparently accompanied by a hearty slap upon the shoulder. 'Quite as fine as the best of Nantes! Ah, that good friend Carrier never want for to grace the table with such! Here's success to him, and may he have her way, lover or no lover, and so she brings us such wine as this, we'll not trouble her.'

"This was followed by some more rough jesting, which, greatly to my relief, I heard Marie soon according the claims. Immediately after the voice of Marie said, almost in a whisper—

"'Now, gentlemen, you have perfectly quiet—your presence is not suspected. It is only a party of Republicans from the city, who are in search of a miller terms and they will soon depart.'

"'God bless you!' I replied, in a low, tremulous tone.

"Marie said no more, but apparently returned down with the wine, and for an hour I listened to the noisy revelry of the half-intoxicated soldiers, and then all became still.

"I now anxiously awaited the return of my fair protectress; for I was afraid to venture forth myself yet, and still she did not appear, and still I remained in the darkness in my narrow, uncomfortable quarters. A few more hours passed away, and every moment I became more uncomfortable and uneasy. What could have happened to her? Had she been seen to enter? Had she been suspected, and her uncle returned? The suspense grew painful to a

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"At last, about midnight in the morning, and feeling that I would as soon risk my death or that of Mademoiselle, I was on the very point of shrieking for assistance, when I heard a light step on the stairs. A moment after the lock was turned, the door opened, and the sweet voice of Marie said, in a cautious whisper:

"'Monsieur de Lisle, there is a suspicion that you are secreted in this house; already a bloody summary has been here to make inquiry; but fortunately my uncle—who is a staunch Jacobin, and knows nothing of the matter—so stoutly denied the allegation of concealing an aristocrat, that the party returned without making a search. There is, however, however, at what moment he or others may return, and I have trembled for your life ever since. You would have come to you sooner, but I could not without exciting suspicion. My uncle has just retired to rest, and I have taken the earliest opportunity to approach you, in order to concert measures therefore. Here—give me your hand. There—not a word—not a whisper! Move softly, or death may be in your steps! I must conduct you to the church—in the vaults of the dead.'

"Saying this she led me through the darkness, up a flight of steps, through a corridor, along a side-part, and thence by several narrow, winding passages, to the back door of the church, which she opened with the key used by her uncle. Then conducting me through the body of the church to the altar—where she reverently paused in utter darkness—she took a light, stooped down, unlocked and raised a massive door, disclosing a flight of additional stone steps, leading into a subterranean place, which seemed more the abode of vitiated, unhealthy air, that nearly extinguished the light which she should with her hand.

"'I would, sir,' she said, 'that I could give you more pleasant cottage; but this is the only place of safety I know of. I will come to you as often as I can. Have patience, Monsieur,' she added, with a sigh, and she sighed, and producing a well-filled basket, which she had placed there previously, she left me.

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Lineage.—We never saw the great clock in the cathedral at Strasburg, and can not therefore tell you, as you request us to do, "how we like the appearance of it." We have often read descriptions of it, however, and can tell you that it is said to operate when striking the hour of noon. The clock is a museum of curiosities—being one hundred feet high, thirty wide, and fifteen deep. About twenty feet from the floor, on the left hand side, and right in the front, is a small building a small cradle in the hand, and above the cradle, and a small bell, the church on the left strikes the quarters, and the bell on the right the number of quarters. Fifty feet above the dial is a colossal figure of Time, with a bell in his left hand and a scythe in his right. At the proper hour he moves his head, and a statue strikes the third quarter on the bell in Time's left hand. Then the figure of Youth, which stands on the right of Time, turns round, when out comes an old man with a staff and places himself directly in front of the great Master of Ceremonies, and strikes the hour. Then a figure of Death, with crook power, twelve times on the bell. He then glides slowly behind Time, and the young man, who has now arrived at manhood, places himself directly in front of the great Master of Ceremonies, and strikes the hour. Then he moves his head, and the statue of Manhood strikes the hour. Then a figure of Old Age, with crook power, twelve times on the bell. He then glides slowly behind Time, and the young man, who has now arrived at manhood, places himself directly in front of the great Master of Ceremonies, and strikes the hour. Then he moves his head, and the statue of Old Age strikes the hour. Then a figure of Death, with crook power, twelve times on the bell. He then glides slowly behind Time, and the young man, who has now arrived at manhood, places himself directly in front of the great Master of Ceremonies, and strikes the hour. Then he moves his head, and the statue of Death